

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. XXIX.



FEBRUARY, 1902.



No. 4.



AN ANGLO-AMERICAN ALLIANCE.

BY PHILIP BRETT SAWYER.



WHEN it was finally decided that Robert and Christopher Belcher were going to Bermuda, they were the proudest boys that ever fished for suckers off the Sandy River trestle-bridge. An ocean voyage and a visit to a foreign country would have made them sufficiently elated, but the fact that they were going to be entertained by an officer in a British royal regiment of the line caused their freckled faces to be expanded in perpetual grins of joy. Of course their mother had many misgivings when her sister, who had married Major Wethered of the Worcestershire Regiment, stationed at Bermuda, wrote asking that the boys might make them a visit. The journey seemed such a long one for them to take alone, and Mrs. Belcher was confident that the boys would be climbing into the crow's-nest and all over the ship if they found a chance. But when she reflected that Rob, who was the older, had attained to the dignity of his first long trousers, and that their father

could go with them as far as New York, and realized how much self-reliance such a trip would teach them, she gave her consent.

It was pretty rough on the voyage, for they crossed the Gulf Stream, as their Aunt Helen explained to them afterward, bias. This distinctly feminine word was a new one to Rob and Kit, and neither knew what it meant, but ever afterward it called to their minds two days when for the greater part of the time they lay in their bunks on board the "Trinidad," watching through the port-hole the wriggling sky-line dance up and down. About noon of the second day this sky-line was broken by a far-away steamer headed north, which threw out a tremendous amount of black smoke. Rob said she was probably a tramp freighter, but Kit was confident that she was a man-of-war. Early on the third morning the sea became a little smoother, and the steward said that the island would be sighted within "a couple of

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hours." The boys were feeling much better, so they dressed and went on deck.

Rob and Kit made friends with the quartermaster, a jovial, bronze-cheeked old fellow, who patiently answered their multitude of questions, until he must have felt as if he had explained the workings of the vessel from stem to stern. He took them forward into the bow to look for land. The sea was still high, and the great waves came from the stern and rolled up under them until the horizon was entirely hidden, and, for an instant, they were looking into a great wall of water. Then this would fall away with fearful suddenness, and the boys would gasp as the ship's nose dropped.

"It's just like going down in an elevator," said Kit. "Hi, Rob!" he shouted as he looked over the side of the vessel, "see, there's a bird skimming along the water; and look, it's diving for its food. Now it's gone—you were too slow."

"I see one over there," said the older one, pointing, "and another, and another. Kit, they're not birds, but flying-fish, and we've run into a whole school of 'em."

The quartermaster turned to them just then, and said that the blue haze they could see a little to the port was the island.

"And look yonder," he called, "a bit to the leeward!"

"It's a sail!" shouted Kit.

"Ay, the pilot-boat," answered the quartermaster. "We'll pick him up in half an hour; he'll take charge of the vessel, and bring us through the narrow channel into Hamilton harbor."

It was not long before they were near enough to see the figure 6 painted on the sail of the pilot-boat. Presently the sloop came up into the wind, and a rowboat put forth. There were three colored men in her, two rowing lustily and one holding the tiller. The Trinidad slowed down and waited. The little boat pulled alongside, and a rope was thrown, and caught by the forward oarsman. He clutched it, and was nearly pulled overboard as the line came taut. The course of the rowboat was changed so suddenly that she was pulled sidewise, shipping a large wave, which hit full in the face the man at the stern. He shook the water

from his eyes, and grinned, showing many white teeth. Then he stood and grasped a rope ladder that had been thrown over the side of the vessel. The boys ran aft, and got there just in time to see the man, who was uncommonly fat and black, clamber over the rail. The pilot greeted the captain, and immediately there was a clang of gongs, and the steamer started ahead, soon leaving the little boat and the sloop far behind.

Just then Rob and Kit heard the bugle announcing luncheon; but even the hunger which came to them after a two days' subsistence on cracked ice, lemonade, and biscuits could not allay their excitement enough to keep them long below. When they scampered again on deck, the island was in plain sight. The boys at once sought out their new friend, the quartermaster, and made him explain every point of interest.

"I thought," said Kit, rather mournfully, as he looked at the white patches which dotted the island, "that we were n't going to have any snow here."

"Ho, ho!" laughed the old sailor, "they're houses, youngster, not snow patches. You see, there ain't any springs or rivers on these islands, and people have to use the rain-water which they catch from their roofs. That's why the buildings are all so clean and white. Now, you see the big patch on the top of that hill? Well, the government has peeled off the soil and whitewashed the coral rock to supply the barracks and the big tanks in case of a drought."

On the extreme end of the island they saw a fort which stood at the top of a high bluff. They were near enough to hear the notes of a bugle, and Rob said he could make out the flag floating from the top.

"Wonder what it's like inside that fort?" said the older brother. "Guess I'll ask Major Wethered if he won't take us through it."

"Well, if ye go," remarked the quartermaster, "ye'll be the first furriner that ever got inside Fort St. Cath'rine. These English have very particular notions about that, and I don't believe, youngster, that ye'll ever get the view from them battlements, unless ye come at the head of a bigger fleet than England's got now, and I must say that ain't so very likely."

The ship threaded her way slowly through the channel inside the coral reefs, where the waves broke with much foam and wound in an amethyst sea along the semi-tropical shore. Once, as they entered the harbor, the steamer went so near a little island that Kit thought he could jump ashore if he tried.

It was on this island that the boys saw their first red-coated "Tommy Atkins." He was hurrying down a road to the shore, with his little pill-box cap perched over one ear, and was jauntily swinging his short "swagger stick," or little cane.

As they approached the dock the Trinidad was surrounded by a multitude of small boats filled with men calling lustily the names of certain hotels, and others holding up roses and lilies for sale. There was a great crowd on the wharf, and among them the boys made out their uncle and aunt. Kit was disappointed because the major did n't have on his scarlet tunic; but Rob explained that the officers wore their uniforms only when on duty, while the privates never appeared in civilian clothes.

The days that followed were crowded full of perpetual joy for Rob and Kit. Bermuda lies in the shape of a fish-hook about twenty-five miles long, made up of various islands joined together by causeways; and the boys on their bicycles explored the entire length, from Ireland Island and the dockyards on one end, to the ancient town of St. George on the other.

But perhaps they enjoyed most the visits to the garrison at Prospect Hill with their uncle. The British soldiers were a constant surprise to them, and not in the least according to their early ideas.

And when Rob and Kit strutted along the road or across the parade-ground, trying to keep step with the major, and every soldier that they passed clicked his heels together and made a wonderful salute, the boys swelled out their little chests with pride. They wanted to make friends with every "Tommy," and to try on their funny little caps, and swing their swagger sticks; but the major explained that it would n't do at all when he was with them, and he told them much about military discipline, and how it was necessary for a sharp line to be drawn between officers and men. Rob and Kit thought

this was merely army "red-tape" and more or less ridiculous, and it only made them more keen to make friends with some of the good-natured-looking soldiers.

This desire for acquaintanceship with picturesque Thomas Atkins led to serious trouble. It was one day when they rode down to the very old town of St. George. Rob and Kit first hunted up a little shop they had seen on a previous trip, where they bought some bananas by the pound. The store was kept by an old colored woman who was so fat that she never got out of her chair, and her customers were supposed to wait on themselves. The boys left their bicycles here in her care, so that they could roam at will about the narrow streets. After a half-hour or so of wandering, they climbed a steep hill at the farther end of the town, and came upon some barracks and military buildings. Beyond, the road ran up a gentle incline to a fort on the extreme end of the island.

"Don't you remember it?" Rob asked his brother. "That is the fort we saw the morning we came."

"So it is," answered the little fellow; "and the quartermaster told us that no foreigner had ever been inside. How funny to be called that! I always supposed they were Italians and Frenchmen and that sort of people; but I suppose we are foreigners down here. Just the same-y, I 'd like to go inside that old fort; I 'll bet Uncle Edward could get us in."

"No, he could n't," replied Rob, "because I asked him, and he said we belonged to the enemy and it never could be allowed."

Just then they heard a great shouting in a field a little farther along, and when the boys ran toward the noise they saw a crowd of soldiers playing football.

"That 's a curious game," said Rob, when they had been standing a few minutes on the edge of the field. "Why don't they line up and run with the ball instead of kicking it all the time?"

At this moment there was a sharp play; the ball shot over the goal-posts, and the men shouted again.

"Rob, did you see that?" said Kit, dancing with excitement. "The big fellow butted the

ball over with his head! Let's find out how they play this game, anyway."

A soldier in brown khaki was standing near, intent on the sport. He had light hair cut very short, all except a lock in front, which was brushed straight upward in a sort of curl. His diminutive cap was tipped over the right ear. He had such a jaunty appearance that the boys felt no hesitation in asking him all manner of questions about the game. The man proved good-natured, and in a short time the three had discussed at length the merits of the Association and the Rugby games of football.

After a while Kit said: "You must have a grand time on these islands."

"Grand? Ho, bloomin' grand, I should say!" answered the Tommy, scornfully. "Why, there ain't a thing for a beggar to do—no theaters nor any shootin'. The only fun we 'ave is swimmin'. I've been in this bloomin' place three years 'nd five months, 'nd now, s' 'elp me, I'm a time-expired man. The transport is due day after to-morrow, and then back goes I to England. I'm so bloomin' glad to be goin' 'ome that I'm all twitterly inside, 'nd that reckless I don't care what I do."

The game came to an end, and the soldiers, with much good-humored horse-play, began to put on their coats. The new-found friend of the boys, who said his name was Ponting,—"Gunner Ponting of the Royal Artillery,"—walked along with them as they started to stroll up the hill. He was very good-natured and talkative, and pointed out the barracks, the parade-ground, and the fever hospital. Passing around a clump of cedars at a bend in the road, they came again in view of the fort about quarter of a mile ahead.

"I don't suppose you could take us in that fort with you?" said Rob, a little wistfully. "I have never been in one, and have always wanted to see what they look like inside."

"Well, to tell the 'ole truth," answered Gunner Ponting, "'Is Majesty King Edward ain't pertickler about havin' furriners mousin' round inside his fortifications, 'cause they might turn out to be spies."

"But truly we 're not spies," answered Kit, quickly.

"I say!—that 'ere 's lucky," replied Ponting,

with a wink at Rob, "'cause if you were we might be obliged to 'ang you." The gunner stopped, scratched his head, and then brightened as if he had figured out some delicate problem. "You young gentlemen don't 'appen to 'ave two bob in your pockets?" said he.

"Two bob?" queried Kit.

"Yes—a couple o' shillings; 'cause, if you 'ave, I might send 'em to King Edward with a note explainin' as 'ow you were pertickler anxious to see the inside o' Fort St. Cath'rine, 'nd I suppose it would be all right."

Rob gaily handed Ponting two shillings.

"But do you think we ought to go in?" asked Kit, timidly.

"Who 's afraid?" said Rob.

The fort was of solid masonry, perched on the peak of the hill. On three sides sheer walls of natural coral rock dropped to the sea. There was a deep cut at the side toward the road, forming a sort of moat, over which hung a drawbridge.

"I don't suppose any guns could ever hurt such heavy walls," said Kit, admiringly.

"Bless my 'eart," answered Ponting, "why, we've big ships that could stand offshore ten miles 'nd blow the 'ole bloomin' business sky-high!"

They came to the bridge, and Rob looked over into the moat, and beyond down the cliff to the beach below, where the ocean rollers were breaking with a muffled roar. "Whew!" said he, "but I would n't care to fall down there. Guess it would take a thundering big army to storm that height."

"I've clumb up there lots o' times," answered Ponting. "There's just one path that some of us discovered when we wanted to get out after taps. But it's no bloomin' fun gettin' down there, daylight or dark."

The three passed over the bridge, past the sentry, through a small passageway with immensely thick walls, and came into an open court behind solid ramparts, in which Rob and Kit counted eleven big guns. At the farther end a sentinel paced slowly. They were then taken into the queer round tower which filled the middle of the fort, passed through the kitchens, and went down some narrow stairs into a blackness that the boys felt sure was a

dungeon; but Ponting told them that it was where ammunition was sometimes stored.

They then climbed back, and were passing again through the kitchens when Ponting suddenly stopped.

"'Ere," he whispered hoarsely, "get into this closet — quick"; and he opened the door of a diminutive cupboard filled with dishes, and without ceremony pushed the boys in. Rob and Kit felt very romantic and wicked in the darkness. They heard footsteps and then a strange voice:

"Hello, Ponting; did n't know you were on inside duty to-day; thought you were gettin' ready for 'ome."

"That 's what," answered the gunner. "I just came in to look about a bit, and get part of my kit I left."

The other continued: "We 'll stir 'em up after a bit; the squadron 's about due."

"S' 'elp me, I 'most forgot the bloomin' squadron!" broke in Ponting. "This noon was the time, unless they 've struck it bad 'tween 'ere and Jamaica."

"We 're all ready to pump a bloomin' good salute at 'em, anyway, when they do show up"; and the man passed on through the doorway.

Ponting opened the closet door. "I 'ope you young gentlemen will pardon me," said he, with humility, "but that 'ere was a new non-com orficer, 'nd 'e feels a bit cocky over 'is promotion. I did n't know exactly 'ow 'e would take it findin' strangers 'ere. Suppose I 'd better get you out o' this, anyway, 'cause if they sight the squadron there 'll be trouble. Maybe, though, we 've got time to go up to the battlements, 'cause there 's a grand view o' St. George and the reefs at sea, but I ain't pertickler about 'avin' these non-coms see us. Hit 's all right with the 'gunners."

The three climbed a dark flight of stone stairs and came out into the sunlight. Their guide led them, tiptoeing, to the parapet and pointed to the great bow of the open ocean. The boys had scarcely time to gasp at the grandeur of the view — the brilliant sea with the white chain of foam which marked the reefs on the horizon — when the resonant sounds of a bugle rang out, and there was a tramping of men's feet in the courtyard below as they ran to

stand by the guns. At the first sound of alarm Ponting had stopped, listening, his face almost pale under the bronze of the sunburn. Then he ran quickly and peered over the battlements. He spoke hoarsely: "'T ain't any use; the corporal o' the guard is by the bridge. But we 've got to get out o' 'ere, or it 's as much as my bloomin' 'ide is worth! Hit 's the war-ships comin' by, 'nd we 'ave to man the 'ole fort to give 'em a salute. They 'll be up in a minute. 'Ere, follow me."

The boys heard a shuffling as of a file of men on the stairs they had just come up. Ponting led them, running, across the open, and down another flight of stairs. Through a narrow tunnel of solid masonry they passed, up some steps, and then came into a good-sized room in which mattresses and bedding were stacked.

"'Ow are you young gentlemen hoff for courage?" asked Ponting.

"Try us and see," spoke up Kit; but he hoped the gunner was n't going to propose that they fight the garrison.

"Then climb out of that window," said Ponting, indicating a square casement, "'nd wait for me on the ledge. 'Old on tight, 'nd don't get scared, for 't ain't so ugly as it looks."

First Rob, then Kit, obeyed, and they found themselves on a shelf of rock about three feet broad which overhung the cliff. Kit gave one look down, then shut his eyes. Rob seemed to be suspended in mid-air; below him dropped the cliff sheer down to where the sea was breaking on the beach. Between circled a few sea-birds. Out beyond, on the turquoise ocean, five or six war-ships were steaming placidly in the sunlight. Behind them in the fort they heard once more the sound of a bugle, this time a drawn-out, wailing note.

Ponting quickly appeared beside them. "Come, my brave mates," he spoke in a hoarse voice, "follow me, and we 'll be out o' this bloomin' place in no time."

Kit shuddered as he saw the cheerful gunner disappear over the side of the ledge, and shrank back against the wall, expecting to hear him slip and go bounding down over the rocks. But Ponting had swung under the ledge, and had his feet firmly planted on a shelving rock, while his hand grasped a twisted root over his head.

"Now, you big 'un," came his muffled voice, "elp the rooky. Steady, now — there we are; don't look down; I 've got you snug and tight, smooth as the manual o' arms — foot 'ere — now grab my 'and — 'ere we are!" Ponting kept up a running fire of whispers while he helped Kit, and Rob followed behind.

The rocks were hot to Kit in the bright sunlight, and the sea-birds kept up such a screeching. His foot slipped and his heart almost stopped beating, but Ponting caught him on the instant and steadied him.

Down, down they crawled. The boys' clothes were torn and their fingers scratched and bleeding. They had almost reached the bottom.

"Plucky mates!" exclaimed the gunner, "couple o' minutes more — steady now — 'ome to-morrow — safe at last —"

"Halt! Who goes there?" A sentry had discovered them and had given the alarm.

"All hup with me!" growled Ponting. "Now you fellows 'ook it."

"But he 'll shoot us!" wailed Kit.

"Not if I don't run," answered their guide.

The boys did n't wait for anything more, but half slid, half tumbled, much to the detriment of their clothing, down the rest of the cliff to the beach, and then scuttled off like frightened crabs along the shore and around a point of land until they found a place where by climbing they could regain the road. Without resting, and in a panic of fear, they ran down the hill, past the barracks and the football field, into St. George, got their bicycles from the fat old banana-woman, feeling all the time like escaped convicts, and rode away rapidly. Once outside the town, their spirits rose mightily, and the boys began to talk with excitement, and even to sing and shout in their glee over the adventure. Spasmodically they rehearsed every detail of their experience, and would have been buoyantly happy over their escape if it had not been for the trouble they felt sure was in store for their friend the gunner.

"My, won't the major be wild!" choked Rob. Those were prophetic words.

"I suppose we 'll have to tell him," said Kit, as he pedaled swiftly beside his brother.

"Of course!" exclaimed the older one.

Aunt Helen was in the garden clipping roses when the boys turned into the driveway.

"Goodness gracious! what have you imps been up to now?" she said, throwing up her hands, as she caught sight of the dusty, ragged urchins.

"We 've been in a British fort!" shouted Kit, as they dismounted and threw their bicycles on the grass, "and we almost got caught, and we had to shin down a cliff!"

"Merciful powers!" exclaimed Aunt Helen, "you look as if you had come through forty battles. What will Edward say? How did you ever get in?"

"A gunner showed us around; we gave him a couple of shillings. And he got caught, and now I suppose they will hang him, and it was all our fault," wailed Kit, dolefully.

When the major heard of their adventure, he pulled hard at the ends of his mustache and looked very grave.

"It 's rather fortunate that you rascals got away, because the commanding officer of the Royal Artillery might have made it unpleasant until he found out who you were. It really was a most extraordinary offense for the gunner, and I can't see how he happened to take you in."

"But I don't see how they can touch him," said Rob, "because he said his enlistment had expired, and he is going to England as soon as the transport comes."

"That makes no difference," said the major, slowly pacing up and down the room; "for the sake of discipline the commanding officer will have to make an example of him, and he will be punished severely. Offhand, I should say that he would be imprisoned for a year. Had you been caught, it would have been all I could do to prevent your being sent off the island."

"Oh, it's too bad!" mourned Kit; "he was such a good-natured Tommy, and so kind to us!"

"I 'm going to the commanding officer and tell him how it happened," broke in Rob.

"That would n't do the least good," said the major; "discipline requires that the man be punished; the only appeal is to the representative of the Crown, the governor of the island."

"Then we 'll go to him," manfully declared Kit. "We must do all we can; the poor fellow was so anxious to go back to England."

The major said: "I don't know how the governor will take it. Likely as not he 'll be very angry and have you sent off the island. At any rate, you are good boys to pursue this course and not desert your friend, and I 'll take you to Government House in the morning."

Governor-General J. Digby Piggott, V.C., K.C.B., was sitting at his desk in his private

the temples, where wrinkled crow's-feet showed him to be a man of determination and much given to thought and to solving knotty problems. Military maps were spread out before him, for the perspiring general was preparing for the annual spring mobilization of all the troops of the island.

Entered an orderly in a scarlet coat, made a rigid salute, and stood at attention.



"'AMERICAN SPIES, YOUR EXCELLENCY, I 'M AFRAID; THOUGH OF COURSE THEY DENY IT,' SAID MAJOR WETHERED."
(SEE NEXT PAGE.)

office in Government House. Through the open window there came the sound of the measured tramp of a sentinel as he walked his post on the gravel driveway, and the hum of insects which buzzed around the fragrant rose-bushes that grew just outside the casement. Governor Piggott was a short, corpulent man, smooth-shaven, with grizzled hair shading to white over

"Well?" said the governor, looking up.

"Beg pardon, sir, but it 's Major Wethered, sir, and 'e says as 'ow 'e 's got two American spies, sir."

The governor almost gasped. "My word, this is serious! Send them in at once"; and with knitted brows he began folding the maps.

Presently Major Wethered came in, followed

by two scared but determined-looking boys. The major made a grave salute.

"Well, Major Wethered, what 's this?" said the governor, gruffly.

"American spies, your Excellency, I 'm afraid; though of course they deny it. They are Robert and Christopher Belcher, of Maine, United States of America, my nephews, who are at present visiting me, and have confessed that yesterday they did bribe Gunner Ponting with two shillings, and were taken inside of Fort St. Catherine. Their escape was cut off by the preparations caused by the arrival of the North Atlantic Squadron, and they, with the aforesaid gunner, climbed out of a window and descended the cliff. The gunner was caught and is now imprisoned."

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed the governor, "but this looks bad. What have you to say for yourself, Robert Belcher?"

"Truly we are n't spies, sir, at all," began Rob, a little timidly.

"You deny it?" growled the representative of the Crown.

"Yes, sir," continued Rob. "We had never been in a fort at all, and we wanted to see one."

"Gunner Ponting said if we had two shillings he might send 'em to the King with a note," broke in Kit, "and he thought it would be all right."

The governor almost smiled.

"They gave the alarm, and we got away by shinning down the cliff," continued the little fellow, "but the poor gunner got caught. His enlistment has expired, and he was going back to England to-morrow, and he said he was so glad that he was all twittery inside; and

now he 's got to go to jail, and it is all our fault. We have come to beg you to take us instead and put us in jail, or even — or even send us home; but please, Governor Piggott, please let the poor man go, as really we are n't spies, and it was all our fault."

He stopped, and the governor sat a moment, thinking. Suddenly he asked: "How many guns are there in Fort St. Catherine?"

"Seventeen, sir," answered the little fellow; "eleven below and six on the tower."

The governor laughed outright.

"It 's no wonder," said he, "that your soldier citizens make such good mechanics and fighting men, when even the youngsters allow nothing to escape their observation. You are brave boys and will make good soldiers. I 'll have the gunner pardoned this time on your account; and now let 's shake hands, for cousins must n't quarrel."

The Anglo-American Alliance was celebrated then and there, and all four were laughing heartily when the major and the boys came to leave.

"Now, mind," called out the governor, "don't tell your President how many guns we 've got in the fort, because I should n't like to have it get out while I am governor; but should we come officially to join forces against the world, then you may tell."

The major and the governor, who was now standing, saluted, and the boys gave their army salute that their father had taught them, and the three passed out, by the rigid orderly, the boys with their heads up, happy as only boys can be who have been brave in the face of trial, and have done the honorable thing.





FASHION

By

Margaret Johnson.

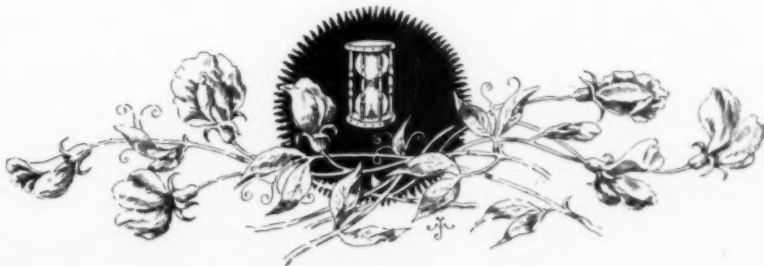


*This Fashion's a whimsical sort of a sprite;
Her ways, I confess, are too much for me, quite!*

LAVINIA, sixty years ago,
Was dressed in the height of the style, you know,
The pride of her fond relations;
Yet Mabel smiles at the quaint little miss,
With her frock like *that*, and her shoes like *this*,—
As some one at Mabel will smile, I wis,
When the dress that to-day she is proud to wear
Belongs with the hoops and the powdered hair
And the patches of past generations!

But this is the question that puzzles me:
The rose's frock is the same, I see,
With the trimming of dew upon it,
That roses wore in Lavinia's day;
And the tulip's petticoat, striped and gay,
Is made in the same old-fashioned way;
And never a change, for a hundred years,
In the cut of the marigold's gown appears,
Or the shape of the sweet pea's bonnet!

*Yet nobody says that the flowers look queer.
Pray can you explain to me why, my dear?*



SOMETHING TO DO.

BY HORACE BUTTERWORTH.

ONE very marked trait of boys is their insatiable anxiety for something to do. True, this desire does not always find its utmost satisfaction in carrying coal and water, in sawing wood, in cleaning the sidewalk, or even in doing errands. I have heard it whispered that boys have been known to forsake such forms of activity to go swimming! But just give a boy something that he takes pleasure in doing, and, presto! comes energy equal to the occasion.

The development of an interest in such exercises as are described in this article may not only keep boys out of mischief, but it will provide a pleasing method of cultivating strength and dexterity.

PULL OVER THE BACK. Two boys stand back to back with the arms upstretched and clasping hands. One of them has his feet spread, but on a line, while the other has one foot in advance of the other (Fig. 1). Their heads are to drop back on each other's shoulders, and they must agree in advance which is to pull and which side of the head each is to take. A is facing left in the figure and is to pull. Both bend their knees a little, being careful to keep the shoulders and hips touching as they were when standing upright. B gives a slight spring and lifts his knees as close to the chest as possible. A bends forward a little as B springs, but does not pull until B has had time to get his knees up. A then bends still farther forward and pulls vigorously (Fig. 2). When the point shown in this figure is reached, A straightens up so that B can alight standing erect. During the first few trials some one should assist B in getting his knees up by putting a hand under his thigh and lifting a little. Both should hold on to each other's hands until the turn is completed.

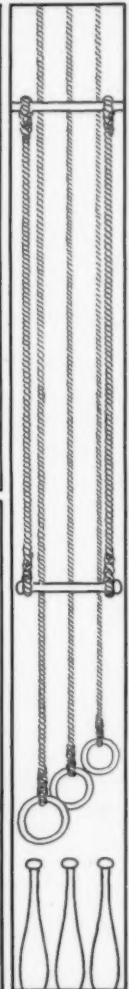
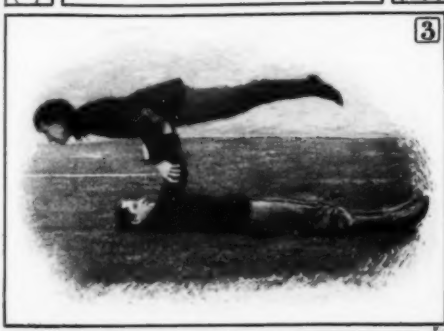
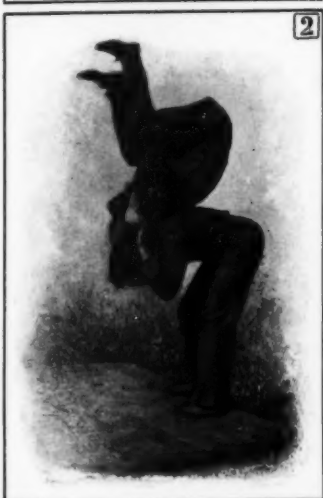
HORIZONTAL BALANCE. A lies on his back and raises his arms so as to place his hands on B's lower ribs as he leans forward from standing astride of A's body. B catches A's elbows

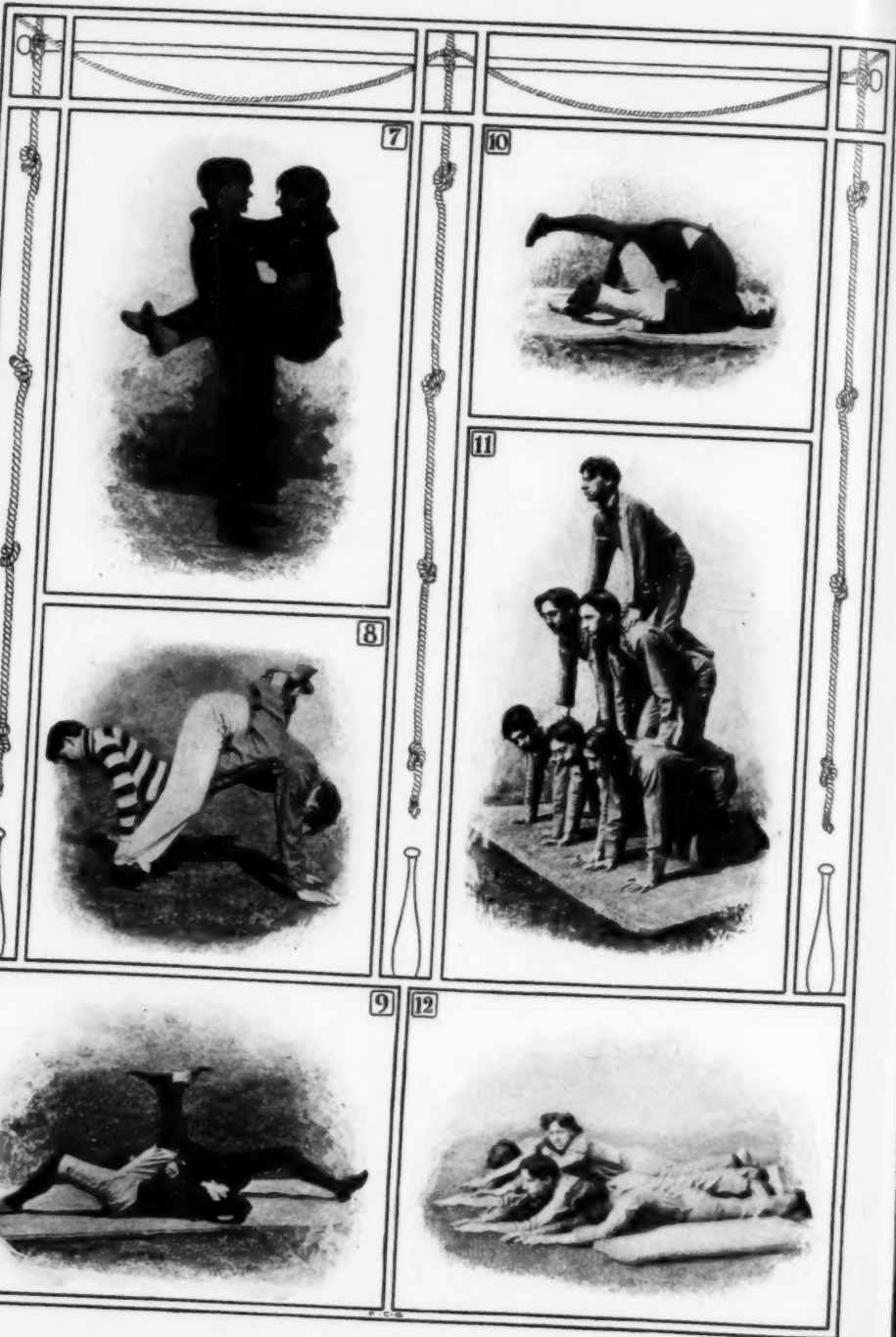
(Fig. 3). Do the same exercise, but with B extending his arms forward alongside his ears instead of catching hold of A's elbows. A catches a little higher for this balance.

SHOULDER STAND ON THE HANDS. A lies on his back, draws up his feet, which are separated quite widely, till they are close to his hips, braces his knees against each other, and extends his arms upward and slightly forward. B places his hands on A's knees, puts one foot somewhat in advance of the other, leans forward, and throws both legs upward, the back leg moving first. As B comes forward, A places his hands against his shoulders. B must keep his head back, hold his legs close together, and have his toes pointed upward (Fig. 4). B may drop over to his feet, assisted by a push from A, or fall back to his starting position.

DOUBLE ROLL. A lies flat on his back. B stands with a foot on each side of A's head, facing his feet. A raises his legs so that B can grasp his ankles, and at the same time he grasps B's ankles (Fig. 5). A must now make his legs perfectly limber in B's hands. B leans forward and puts A's feet on the ground close to his hips, and as they touch he gives a slight jump and rolls forward (Fig. 6), bending his arms slowly so as to place the back of his head on the ground without a jar. As B rolls forward A comes to his feet and repeats the movements which B has made. Progress in this manner may be continued as far as pleasant. When the movement has become somewhat familiar, go rapidly, but in order that no one may receive a severe shock the boy who is down should hold the other back a little as he jumps forward to roll. Do the double roll backward from position shown in Fig. 5. B, the boy standing, sits on his heels, leans backward, and pulls as hard as he can, while A pushes with his head and shoulders and straightens his arms.

DOUBLE ELEPHANT WALK. Two boys stand facing each other and take hold of each other's





arms near the shoulders. It having been agreed which is to do the supporting, the other springs up and crosses his ankles behind the supporter's back (Fig. 7). A, the boy standing, moves his legs until they are about three feet apart. As B releases the grasp of his hands and bends backward, A holds him at the waist until his hands touch the floor. A then lets go and leans forward, while B crawls between A's legs. As soon as A's hands touch the floor B places his hands on A's ankles and straightens his arms (Fig. 8). A then travels forward. When they wish to separate, B uncouples his ankles, and both roll forward.

INDIAN WRESTLE. Two boys lie down alongside of each other, with the feet pointing in opposite directions. They lock the near elbows firmly. Each then raises the near leg three times, one or both counting (Fig. 9).

On the third count they interlock the legs near the knee and try by main strength to turn each other over backward (Fig. 10).

PYRAMID. The six boys who are to take part in this should get on their hands and knees and practise sliding the hands forward and the legs backward at a signal. When all can do this in concert try the pyramid. Three get on their hands and knees as close together as possible. Behind these stand two, and one behind the two. Each of the two places a hand and a knee on the shoulder and hip of the middle boy, and the other hand and knee on the outside boy. The last boy climbs on top of the two and kneels with one hand and one knee on each (Fig. 11). At a signal all suddenly slide their arms forward and their legs backward (Fig. 12). There is no shock if all straighten out as directed.

THE OLD-FASHIONED "S."

BY GRACE FRASER.

"THIS book is very odd indeed," said Little Tom to me;
"I think the man who wrote it must have lisped a lot," said he.
(It was a leather-covered book of Seventeen-Naught-Three.)

"Wherever he should put an *s* he puts an *f* instead;
Just listen to this nonsense"; and the learned Thomas read:
"He fauntered off in queft of fport.' It 's all like that," he said.

"The fquire and parfon fat at eafe and feafted undifmayed';
'The fage, though ufually fhrewd, a lack of fenfe difplayed';
'And eaft and weft they failed to find the fteafman who had frayed.'"

I took that leather-covered book of Seventeen-Naught-Three;
I said: "Those are long *s*'s, not the *f*'s they seem to be."
"We print books better nowadays," said Little Tom, said he.





THROUGH FAIRYLAND IN A HANSOM-CAB.

By BENNET W. MUSSON.

The following story is the fourth of the long stories complete in one number that are to appear in the present volume of ST. NICHOLAS.

It is a very modern fairy story, full of pleasant fun-making. Our readers will enjoy little "Gretchen's" meeting with the "Thirty-third Degree Transformer," the "Objector," the "Giant Gnome," and other animated absurdities the author has made for his up-to-date fairyland.



In a far-away country at the foot of a great mountain, a wood-chopper, Jacob by name, dwelt with his wife Matilda and their daughter, little Gretchen. Every day the wood-chopper went into the forest, returning with a supply of

wood, which he sold at a railway station not far from his home. Jacob was very talkative, and when he took his usual chair by the fireside one night and neither talked nor smoked, his wife asked the cause of his melancholy.

"Alas!" he said, "the railway is about to give up steam and use electricity. No more wood will be needed, as the power is to be generated from the waterfall in the valley. I can find no other customer, and don't know what will become of us."

The mother and father began talking of various means by which a living could be made for the family. They finally went to bed, deeply puzzled, with no way out of their difficulty in sight.

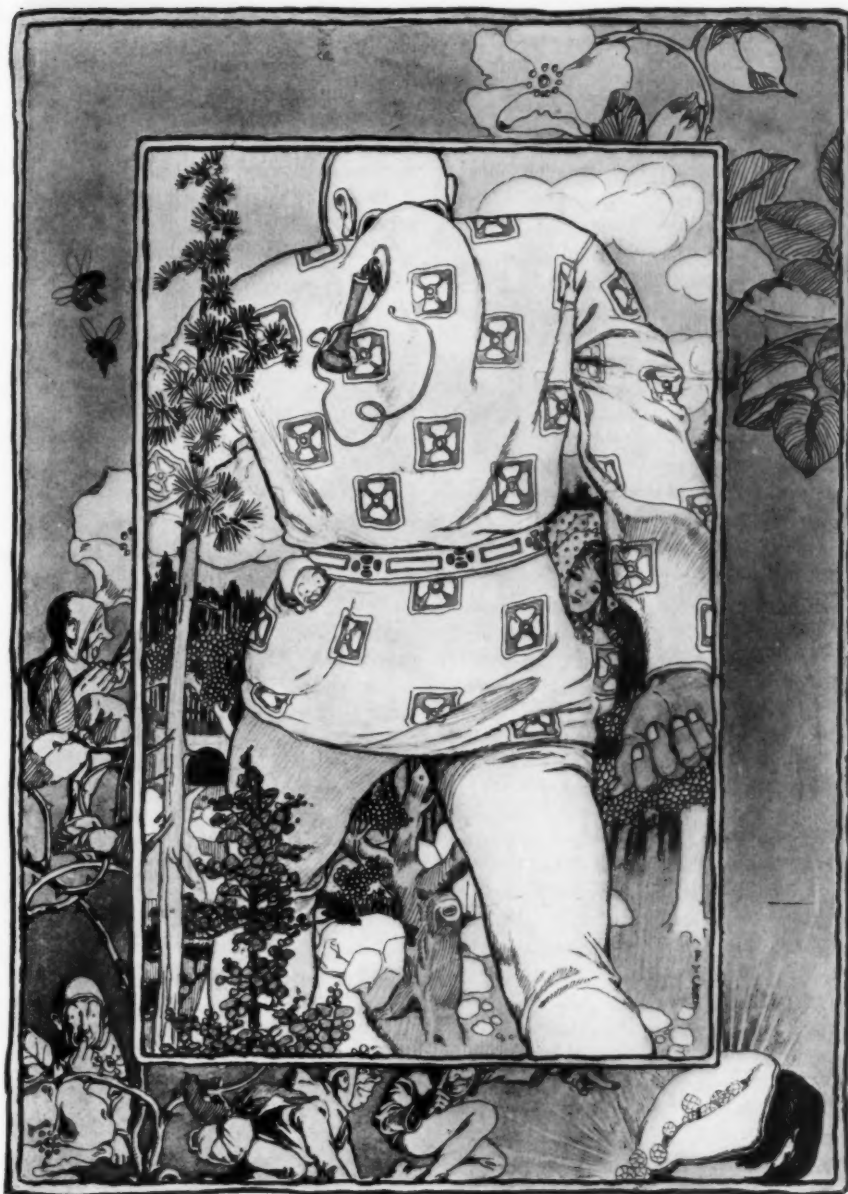
Gretchen thought so much about the trouble that she could n't sleep, and toward morning a

great idea came to her. "I will go and seek fortune in the caves of the gnomes," she said.

You must know that near the top of the mountain a tribe of gnomes lived in their suburban caves. Gretchen had heard that these little people were rich in gold and precious stones, and thought that if she told them of her father's plight they might give her some, as Jacob had always treated the fairies very politely, and had never said they did not exist, or referred to them as "common superstitions."

As soon as it was light, Gretchen dressed hastily, ate her breakfast, and made up a package of wild honey and sardines to serve as luncheon in case she should not return till late. Being afraid to go alone, she called the family dog, and crept away without disturbing her parents.

They made their way through the forest that bordered the lower part of the mountain. The dog, named "Snip," in honor of the tailor who had presented him to Jacob, was greatly pleased with the trip. They soon came to a steep path. The trees were farther apart, and climbing was difficult; but Snip aided Gretchen by jumping on the higher rocks ahead and barking. This would also have served to frighten away the wild beasts, had there been any. When they were about twelve sixteenths of the way up, they saw an opening in the rocks that looked like the entrance of a large cave. After talking the matter over with the dog, who had no ideas to



THE GIANT GNOME CARRYING GRETCHEN AND LEONARDO UP THE MOUNTAIN. (SEE PAGE 308.)

suggest, Gretchen decided to ask the gnome who lived there to guide her to the fairy treasure-house.

Suddenly an enormous figure dashed out of

the cave, and, as Gretchen opened her mouth to scream, dashed into the cave again. Then out it came and in it went half a dozen times, leaving Gretchen and Snip with their mouths

open in wonder. Presently the figure reappeared and beckoned to them; but as Gretchen seemed afraid to approach, it cried in a voice that sounded like thunder, "I won't hurt you; come on!" And they came.

"Were you looking for me?" asked the figure.

"No," said Gretchen. "We were looking for the gnomes."

"Louder!" said the figure, and Gretchen shouted her answer as loud as she could.

"Well, I'm a gnome," it replied.

"But you're so very big!" cried Gretchen.

"I am known as the Giant Gnome," was the answer. "You see, most gnomes stop growing when they are two feet six and three quarter inches high, but I did n't; I kept right on. They said I was the exception that proved the rule; but I proved eight two-foot rules, as I'm sixteen feet high"; and the Giant Gnome, thinking this a great joke, laughed heartily. He was very large and ungainly, with long arms, great hands and feet, and an enormous nose. On his back was a funny-shaped hump, to which hung a telephone-receiver.

"What is that?" asked Gretchen, pointing to the receiver.

"Most gnomes have very squeaky voices, and it's hard for me to hear 'em, so I have a private telephone. That little rubber disk above my ankle is a transmitter, and they speak into it," he replied.

"And why were you rushing in and out of your cave in that peculiar way?"

"I was charging my door-bell," he said. "You press a button and it rings by compressed air. I keep the air in a reservoir in the back of the cave, and when it gets empty I run in and out several times. You see, I am so big that I force quite a lot of air into the reservoir each time I do this, and when it is full I stop. Would you like to come in?" he asked.

Gretchen and Snip followed the giant through a dark passage into a large, square room, which was very light. In a corner was a bed of furs, and against one of the walls stood a chair six feet high.

"You take the chair," said the giant, lifting Gretchen into it, where she clung to one of the arms, fearful of falling.

The giant and Snip were seated on the floor.

"This cave is the work of the greater part of my life," said the gnome. "You see, I grew so fast that I would n't fit in the caves of the ordinary gnomes, so I dug one for myself. It took a lot of time, and though the others tried to help me, they were of little use; besides, I sometimes stepped on them."

"But why is this room light, when the passage is dark?"

"These walls are painted with phosphorus, and that, you know, gives out light," said the giant.

Gretchen and Snip did n't know, but they said nothing about this.

"The only trouble with them is that they have to absorb as much daylight as they give out. So I leave them outdoors to get the first rays of the sun, then I take them out again in the afternoon, when I am away, and bring them in later to light the house at night."

"Of what do you make this phosphorus?" asked Gretchen.

"Of bones," he replied.

Snip barked and Gretchen shivered. A ringing noise sounded in the back of the room.

"That is my door-bell," said the giant. "Come in!" he yelled, his loud voice echoing and reëchoing through the cave, till it nearly deafened Gretchen and Snip.

A noise of pattering feet was followed by the appearance of a gnome the exact counterpart of the giant, except that he was only two feet six and three quarter inches high.

"This is my chum, Leonardo," said the giant.

"I am very glad to meet you," Gretchen said politely, and the little gnome bowed nearly to the floor, which was an easy thing for him to do.

"If you are his chum, why don't you walk right in without ringing the bell?" asked Gretchen.

"I did that once," said Leonardo, in a squeaky little voice, "and found him asleep. When I wakened him, he yawned and blew me clear out of the cave; so now I always ring the bell." Then, placing his mouth near the transmitter above the giant's ankle, he yelled: "How are you to-day, Willie?"

"Very well, thank you," replied the giant, who had already put the receiver to his ear.

The little gnome then grasped a bit of the big one's shoe-string and shook it heartily.

"You see, he is so high up that it is very hard for us to shake hands, so he always leaves this shoe-string loose for me to shake," he said.

"Is his name Willie?" asked Gretchen, in surprise.

"Yes; his full name is William the Immense, but he likes to be called the Giant Gnome."

Leonardo placed a small stool near the giant, so that he could talk into the transmitter, and seated himself. They both gazed fixedly at Gretchen, who presently became very nervous.

"Why do you stare at me in that way?" she asked, when she could stand it no longer.

"We thought you might tell your reason for honoring me with this visit, but were too polite to ask until you suggested the question," said the giant.

"We should like also to know your name," squeaked Leonardo.

Gretchen told them her name and why she had come.

"If I could get a few of the jewels, say an ounce and a half, I would be willing to do almost anything," she said.

"The task will be very hard," Leonardo observed.

"But that will make it all the more fun," said the giant. "Besides, I'd love to have an adventure. My last was fifty years ago, when I fought with the green camel who said his hump was larger than mine."

"How shall we go about it?" asked Gretchen.

"You tell her, Leonardo," said the giant, "for if I talk much I exhaust all the air in the cave."

"You must know, then," commenced Leonardo, "that the treasures are all in the fairy realm, deep in the mountain. These caves are merely the outposts of that realm, and we gnomes the guards who give the fairies warning of the approach of an enemy. The queen calls us her picket-fence."

The giant began to laugh, but stopped quickly when he thought of the air he was exhausting.

"Farther up in the mountain," said Leonardo, "is a long cave that leads to the center

of fairyland, to which you travel on an inclined railway. You get on the cars, and as it is all downhill, away you go. Willie and I will go with you, and when you get to the fairy queen's palace you can ask her for some of the jewels."

"And as we are going on a long journey, I think it would be as well for us to sleep before we start," roared the giant.

"I believe I would like some luncheon first," said Gretchen, taking the honey and sardines from the package. "Will you have some too?" she asked the others, looking timidly at the giant.

"Thank you, we eat only once in fifty years," answered Leonardo.

"Besides, our next meal is dinner," added the giant.

After luncheon, which Snip enjoyed greatly, the big gnome carried the sides of the caves outdoors, and it became very dark. He gave Gretchen one of the smaller furs, and they composed themselves to sleep. But Gretchen was puzzling her head about the fairy railway, and as the gnomes were dropping into a doze she asked:

"If everything in fairyland is so light, why do they need cars to go down on? Why don't they just float?"

Leonardo thought for a long time.

"That," said he, "is a very foolish question."

CHAPTER II.

THE GNOME'S ALARM-CLOCK — THE TRANSFORMER — THE RAILWAY.

LATE in the afternoon Gretchen was awakened by loud squealing which came from the little gnome, who was dancing round the room, squeaking with rage. Presently the giant awoke.

"I think we are in time," he said, rubbing his eyes. "When I go to sleep in the daytime I always set Leonardo."

"How did you do it?" asked Gretchen.

"When I took the walls out I hung a mirror on a tree, arranging it so that the sun would cast a reflection into the cave at about five o'clock. Then, after Leonardo had gone to sleep, I turned him so that he faced the entrance; the bright glare from the mirror awakened him."

Leonardo, who had never heard of this

arrangement before, hopped round the cave, angrier than ever.

They all went out into the daylight, and Gretchen and Snip made their dinner from what was left of the honey and sardines.

"I think I will leave the walls out here, so that they will absorb light all the time we are gone," said the giant.

He then put Gretchen in one of the side pockets of his coat, Leonardo in the other, and Snip in his change-pocket, and started up the mountain. He took long strides, and Gretchen was badly shaken, but as their progress was rapid she made no complaint.

After an hour or so the big gnome stopped.

"Here we are!" he cried.

Gretchen, Leonardo, and Snip stuck their heads out of the pockets at the same time. They had arrived at a very high part of the mountain, where the rocks were steep and rugged; directly in front of them was a little triangular opening.

"That's the entrance to fairyland," said the giant.

A gnome came out of the opening at the sound of Willie's voice, and was presently followed by a score more, who formed themselves in a line in front of the cave. Gretchen knew by their uniforms that they were soldiers. The giant placed her on the ground, putting Leonardo beside her, and then released Snip, who was so happy that he frisked about and knocked down some of the soldiers.



"SNIP FRISKED ABOUT AND KNOCKED DOWN SOME OF THE SOLDIERS."

"How now, Leonardo!" cried the first gnome, who was the captain of the guard. "Are enemies approaching?"

"No; they are all friends," answered Leo-

nardo. "This little girl named Gretchen, this giant whom you know, and this dog named Snip, desire an audience with the queen."

"But Willie can't possibly get into the cave," said the captain.

The three looked at each other in dismay; they had not thought of this before. The giant, greatly discouraged, sat on the roof of the cave.

"Well, I'll have to go back," he said sadly.

The others sat down and thought deeply.

"It's not only the sorrow of missing the adventures," said the giant, "but think of all the light my walls would have absorbed while I was away!"

Though Gretchen was ready to cry with disappointment, she was too generous to suggest parting the friends. Suddenly the captain jumped up.

"I have it!" he cried. "We will send for the Thirty-third Degree Transformer and have

Willie changed into something smaller."

"What is the Thirty-third Degree Transformer?" inquired Gretchen, who found it hard to get along without asking a great many questions.

"In fairyland," said the captain, "there are many magicians who have the power to change one thing into another. The great-

est of these is known to us as the Thirty-third Degree Transformer. You

had better telephone," he added, speaking to a soldier, "and ask him to transform himself here, instead of coming on the railway; then we won't have

to wait so long."

The soldier ran into the cave.

"What would you like to be changed into, Willie?" asked the captain.

"It has always been my ambition to be a watch-maker," replied the giant, "and now that I have the chance, I think I will ask him to change me into one."

They waited patiently for several minutes, and presently the Thirty-third Degree Transformer appeared. He was a small fairy, very old, with a long white beard and a quick temper, and was clad in an ulster.

Gretchen looked at him with great awe. "Why does he wear that ulster?" she asked. "Fairies don't get cold, do they?"

"No, but he thinks he's cold, which amounts to the same thing," replied the captain.

"I would have been here much sooner," said the fairy, "but I had some trouble in transforming this ulster; it's so unusual. What's wanted?"

They told him of the giant's wish.

"But there's one thing I don't want," said Willie, who had been thinking. "I don't want my voice transformed. If you can reduce me to a small watch-maker with a large voice I shall be very much obliged."

"That's very simple. I can do that," said the Transformer, rolling up his sleeves and preparing for work.

"But can you reduce me back again?" the giant cried suddenly.

"No, indeed," replied the Transformer. "Of course not."

"That settles it," said Willie, starting down the mountain. "I'm going home."

"Of course I could n't *reduce* him back — I could *enlarge* him back," said the Transformer, scornfully.

All that had been told the giant had been yelled into his telephone, and Leonardo rushed after him, grabbed his ankle, and holding on tightly, though he was swung high into the air at every other step Willie took, shrieked the Transformer's last reply into the transmitter. The big gnome turned and came back to the group.

"Go ahead," he said.

"If it's going to hurt, perhaps you'd better take gas," suggested Gretchen.

"It won't hurt," said the Transformer.

He made a few passes with his hands, and the giant commenced to shrink; smaller and

smaller he became, sinking nearer the earth, till finally all that could be seen of him was a heap of clothing lying on the ground where a moment before the giant gnome had been standing.



"A SMALL HEAD POPPED OUT FROM ONE OF THE SHOES."

"All over," said the Transformer.

As the others looked on in astonishment, a roar came from the heap, and a small head popped out from one of the shoes.

"What's the matter?" they cried.

"I have n't anything to wear!" yelled the head.

"Well, you did n't ask me to reduce your clothes," said the Transformer, who was getting angry.

They all begged him to change the clothes, which he presently did. Willie put them on behind a rock, and soon appeared, perfectly clad, and only two feet six and three quarter inches high.

"Now we can start for fairyland!" Gretchen cried joyfully.

"Yes," said the captain, leading the way into the cave. "We will take the six-forty accommodation train."

They walked through a narrow passage, and came to a large room lighted by an opening in the roof.

"This is the railway station, and here comes the train!" cried Leonardo.

Three tiny cars rushed into the room from a tunnel down the mountain.

"They must have given them a hard push," said the captain.

The train stopped at a little platform, and the conductor and brakeman got off; there were

no passengers. The conductor handed his lantern to one of the soldiers.

"Take this out and fill it with fireflies," he said.

Gretchen and the others started to get on the train.

"Hold on!" said the brakeman, who was quite self-important. "Dogs are not allowed!"

"Dear me!" cried Gretchen. "What shall I do? I can't leave Snip."

"He might ride on the roof," replied Willie. "I'll boost him up."

"You! You could n't boost anything up," the brakeman said scornfully.

"Oh, I forgot that I am little now," Willie answered humbly.

"Don't talk so loud!" gruffly cried the conductor, "or I'll charge you excess baggage on your voice."

Willie, who had been speaking as softly as he could, became silent.

"We could n't allow him on the roof," declared the brakeman. "The order reads, 'No dogs allowed on this railway.' I would n't let him even walk on the track."

A consultation was held, and the Transformer, who had taken quite a fancy to Gretchen, suggested that he change Snip into a satchel; then she could carry him on the train, and when they got to town he would turn him into a dog.

"What kind of a satchel would you like?" he asked.

"I think I should like a small alligator-skin bag," said Gretchen. "Will that be easy?"

"Oh, yes; dogs go into alligators very easily," he replied.

The transformation was soon over, and they all entered the train, Gretchen carrying her new satchel. She went into the middle car with the magician, Leonardo, Willie, and the soldiers going to the one ahead. They took seats, the conductor cried, "All aboard!" and the train glided through a passage in the mountain.

"Do you object to smoking?" the Transformer asked, drawing a large cigar from his pocket, and as she did not, he lighted it.

"Are you fond of traveling?" Gretchen asked presently, feeling she must say something.

"Not very," replied the Transformer. "A

few hundred years ago I tried living in the suburbs, and was a commuter on this road; but my office hours were not convenient for it, so I gave it up."

"What are your office hours?"

"Eleven twelve, A.M., to twelve eleven, P.M."

"They are very few," she said.

"Yes; and I found that the kind of man who makes a good magician makes a poor commuter," said the Transformer. "For instance, if I had only three minutes in which to catch the theater train at night, I would spend at least two of them in figuring on whether I could do it or not. I always missed the train."

There was a long silence while Gretchen thought about this.

"I am very fond of dogs," he said, patting the satchel kindly.

"So am I," cried Gretchen. "I—"

The brakeman stuck his head in the door.

"You must n't smoke here!" he yelled.

"The next car ahead is the smoker."

The magician transformed his cigar into a straw.

"I am not smoking," he replied.

"But I just saw you," said the brakeman, coming into the car.

"Have a cigar?" the magician asked sarcastically, offering him a straw.

"No, I won't; and I don't want any more smoking in this car"; and the brakeman went out on the platform.

The instant his back was turned the magician transformed the straw into a cigar again, and went on smoking. The brakeman rushed into the car.

"If you don't stop smoking I'll put you out!" he yelled.

"Of which door?" asked the magician..

When the brakeman turned his head to see which door would be best, the Transformer changed the cigar into a fountain-pen, and taking a card from his pocket, placed it on his knee and began to write. The brakeman gazed long and hard at the magician, then started toward the door. When nearly there he turned suddenly, but the Transformer was still writing.

"When you reach the capital you will find many things that will puzzle you, and you will

be asked a number of difficult questions," he said. "Put this card in the bosom of your dress, and when you are asked the hardest question of all, press it with your hand, and the answer will come to you."

Gretchen thanked him, and taking the card, placed it in her dress, softly repeating:

*"Press me gently to your heart;
I an answer will impart."*

CHAPTER III.

THE GRIFFIN — THE RAILROAD JOURNEY — THE INN.

THE magician went to sleep, and Gretchen was falling into a doze when the car door opened and a voice yelled, "Tick-*ets*, please!" She awoke with a start, and saw the conductor; his lantern was full of fireflies, which gave a bright light.

"These people are traveling to see the queen, and I have passes for them," said the captain of the gnomes, who had followed him.

"Passes—always passes!" grumbled the conductor. "And the stockholders wonder why we never pay a dividend. I have been a conductor on this road for forty years, and do you know how many tickets I have seen in that time?"

"No," answered Gretchen.

"None at all," said the conductor, angrily; and he went on through the car, muttering to himself, "Passes—always passes!"

"Poor fellow!" mused the magician, who, having changed the fountain-pen into a cigar, was smoking once more. "I believe that when I have finished with this cigar I'll turn the stub into a ticket and give it to him, just for encouragement."

The car began to jounce and bump fearfully, and the conductor dashed back again with his lantern. "I suppose it 's another griffin on the track," he said, running out of the door.

Gretchen, grasping her satchel, followed with the magician, and getting off, for the train had come to a full stop, found the brakeman, the conductor, and all the passengers gathered about the front car. They were in a tunnel that was very badly lighted by natural gas, and the train was half-way down the embank-

ment on which the track was laid. Looking toward fairyland, Gretchen saw an enormous griffin flying away, its wings so wide that they nearly touched the sides of the tunnel.

"I know that griffin," the brakeman said angrily. "Its name is Jones, and this is n't the first time it has stopped this train; it ought to have more sense than to sleep on the track."

"I think that I will walk the rest of the way," said the magician.

There seemed nothing else for the others to do, so they climbed the embankment and started down the track. In a few minutes they came to an opening in the tunnel, which proved to be the home of the griffin, who came out and smiled at them in a very friendly manner.

"Hello, there, Jones!" shouted the brakeman. "Was that you, sleeping on the track?"

"Yes, and I 'm very sorry, but it 's so hot in the house these days, and there 's such a nice draft in the tunnel, that I 'm often tempted to sleep there. Won't you come in?"

Nobody wanted to go in, but as no one had the courage to refuse, they all went.

"I would like you to see the children, but they are sleeping, and as they are very tired I hate to call them. They had their flying lesson this afternoon," said the griffin.

"But could n't we just take a look at them?" asked Gretchen.

"Yes, you might do that," said the griffin, and led the way into a hall with doors on each side. One of these was opened, and there were twenty-five little griffins, hanging by their tails to hooks on the walls, all fast asleep.

"Do they always sleep that way, or is it merely because you are pressed for room?" asked Gretchen.

"Rents are pretty high," said the griffin, "but they rest like that anyway—or like this"; and a door being opened on the other side of the hall, Gretchen saw twenty-five little griffins sleeping soundly, hanging by their heads to larger hooks.

They thanked the griffin for showing them the little griffins, said good-by, and started down the track. After a while Gretchen, who was walking beside the magician, grew tired.

"Would n't it be a good idea for you to transform us to fairyland, instead of our walking all the way?" she said.

"It's queer that you did n't think of that," Leonardo squeaked to the magician.

"I might have done so," he answered, "but I was too busy thinking of how much I know. Exactly where would you persons like to go?"



THE GRIFFIN NAMED JONES.

"I always stop at the King's Arms, a good hotel on the European plan," said the captain of the gnomes. "I think we'd all better go there; they have the best grindstone in town."

"What has that to do with it?" asked Gretchen.

"How can a fellow sharpen his sword without a grindstone?" snorted the captain.

"Well, we'll go to the King's Arms, and I think I will make the transformation last all night, so that we can get a bit of sleep," said the magician.

He rolled up his sleeves, waved his arms slowly, and they all sank into dreamland.

When Gretchen awoke she found herself in a grove of small trees; through a long avenue that divided the grove she could see a low, square building.

"That is the King's Arms," said the captain, pointing at the building. "We will go in and register."

The magician said it was time he started for his office, and after the others had thanked him for transforming them so comfortably, he hurried away, leaving them at the hotel.

Suddenly it occurred to Gretchen that she had no money.

"What am I to do?" she asked. "I can't pay my board."

"That will be all right," said the captain. "The army is ninety-six years behind in its pay, so I always settle my account with an order on the treasurer; I'll settle yours in the same way, and when you get the money you can pay me."

They approached the hotel, and found the landlord waiting; he was a small, fat fairy, with a large diamond in his shirt-front.

"I wonder if they take dogs," said Gretchen; and when she remembered the satchel she cried: "Oh, dear! I have forgotten to have Snip changed back!"

The captain consoled her, saying that they could go to the magician's office later, and that it would be as well to leave Snip a satchel until she found how the queen would receive her.

"I suppose you will want the human-being room?" asked the landlord. "It happens to be empty."

"Oh, yes. But where is the roof?" she cried, looking up at the sky.

"Out in the side yard. Where else should it be?"

"On top of the house, of course, to keep the rain out."

The landlord smiled pityingly. "It never rains in this country," he said, "and we have the roof in the yard so that we can prop it up on edge and keep the afternoon sun from the south windows."

"May I have something to eat?" asked Gretchen.

"Certainly," said the landlord. "You are fortunate in coming now, as our feast is approaching and we have plenty of provisions. Had you come at any other time in the last fifty years you would have found no food in the house. Front!" he cried, "show these people to the dining-room."

"What will you have?" said the captain, as they seated themselves at a small table. "Waiter!" he called in a loud voice.

A door at the other end of the room opened, and a little lamb frisked in on his hind legs.

"Oh, dear, is that the waiter?" cried Gretchen, looking rather uncomfortable.

The captain said that it was.

"And I was just about to order lamb chops," she said.

"I would n't do that; it might hurt his feelings," the captain said in a low voice. "What have you to-day?" he asked, turning to the lamb, who stood behind Gretchen's chair with a napkin over one of his fore legs.

"We have some eagles' eggs that are nice and fresh."

"I don't think I care for any of them," said Gretchen.

"How would you like a mountain-goat steak or a kangaroo tenderloin?" inquired the lamb.

"They both sound tough," said the captain.

"Our humming-bird croquettes are very fine," said the lamb, bowing and rubbing his hoofs together.

"No, no," said Gretchen; "I don't care for them, either. I think you may bring me some honey and sardines." She was very tired of these, but could think of nothing else. The lamb hurried away, but soon returned and put the honey and sardines before Gretchen.

As she finished her meal the giant said he should be glad if the captain would suggest

the little lamb nearly into hysterics; then he hurried away to find the newspaper office.

"You 'd better be blindfolded now," said the captain, as they left the dining-room; "and I would leave the satchel here if I were you."

"Oh, but I don't wish to do that!" cried Gretchen.

"It will be perfectly secure," said the landlord, "for I will put it in the safe." He went back of the desk, and unlocking a huge oyster-shell, which was fastened with a padlock, put Snip inside and locked it again. "Here is your check," he said, handing her a large pearl with 71 written on it in small figures.

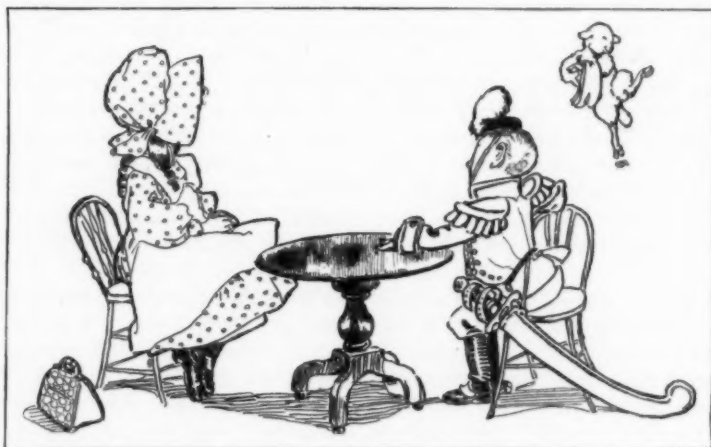
"But this is worth more than the satchel," said Gretchen, who knew that no matter how much she herself valued Snip, no one else would give the worth of the pearl for him.

"Well, that makes your bag all the safer, does n't it?" asked the landlord.

"Call a hansom-cab," ordered the captain, binding his handkerchief over Gretchen's eyes.

They entered the cab and were rattled off. After some jolting and jarring they stopped, and Gretchen heard the captain shout to some one:

"Hello, there, captain of the queen's left



"OH, DEAR, IS THAT THE WAITER?" CRIED GRETCHEN."

how he had better go about watch-making, as he was anxious to begin. The captain thought for a while, and suggested that Willie put an advertisement in the newspaper. The giant roared with glee—so loudly that he frightened

guard! This little girl who is with me demands an audience with her Majesty!"

"Gracious! Don't put it that way, or they'll never let us in," said Gretchen.

"That 's the way to put it," said the cap-

tain. "If you just ask for an audience they think you've no right; but if you demand one it impresses them. Besides, we can't let these sovereigns get too haughty."

The soldiers held a whispered consultation. "All right!" cried a voice; and Gretchen was helped down and led indoors by the gnome captain and Leonardo.

CHAPTER IV.

IN THE ROYAL PRESENCE.

WHEN the bandage was removed, Gretchen found herself in a long, high room, into which the sun shone brightly, as it had no ceiling nor roof. In front of her was a low platform on which two thrones stood side by side. The walls of the room were formed of white columns striped with red.

"They look like sticks of candy," said Gretchen.

"They are," said the captain. "At one of the fifty-year feasts the candy gave out, and these walls were built in case such a thing should occur again. At that time the royal architect happened to be also the court barber, and he selected this pattern."

About ten feet above the floor an iron bar extended from one side wall to the other. From the middle of this hung an enormous chandelier covered with mirrors.

"What is that?" asked Gretchen.

"A moonograph," said the captain. "Those mirrors reflect the rays of the moon and light the room nicely."

"And look!" cried Gretchen, "there is a fairy on it!" And, sure enough, perched high on the moonograph was a small fairy in brown overalls.

"Hush," whispered the captain. "Here comes the royal party."

The curtains of an arched door at one side of the platform were drawn apart by two pages, and the procession entered. First came a number of court fairies in gauze draperies, each with a fixed smile on her face.

"That is the queen's chorus," said the captain. "Many of the fairies who do not think for themselves become members of the chorus, and merely have to repeat what other people think. The king has a chorus of men."

"But if they don't think, how do they decide to enter the chorus?" whispered Gretchen.

"They don't; the king or queen decides for them. That gloomy-looking man coming next, in the long robe covered with interrogation-points, is the Court Objector, whose duty it is to object to anything that is wrong."

"I should think that would be a very disagreeable office," said Gretchen.

"It is," replied the captain, "but he likes it. That younger one, with long hair, is the Court Poet. I can't tell you about the others, for here comes the queen." And last of all came a small fairy in a fur-trimmed dress.

"Where is the king?" asked Gretchen.

"They reign by turns," whispered the captain, "and it is his fifty years off. When his reign begins we shall have men's rights."

"Who comes first?" asked the queen.

"Yes; who, oh, who—who—who—who comes first?" repeated the chorus.

"I don't like that," said the Objector. "It sounds too much like an owl."

"Don't do it again," said the queen, and the chorus, whose faces had not relaxed from their sickly grins, remained silent.

"I'm first, your Majesty," cried the little fairy on the moonograph.

"What are you doing up there?" she demanded.

"If it please your Majesty, I am a gas-fitter by trade, and I feel more comfortable up here."

"Well, it does n't please me; come down."

The little fairy dropped to the floor. "I would like to be released from jail," he said.

At this the whole court turned their backs on him.

"Of all the ridiculous nonsense I ever heard!" said the Objector. "Where are you now?"

"Of course I'm not in jail at this moment," replied the gas-fitter. "They let me out to come for a pardon, while they were cleaning house."

"Well, what have you done?" inquired the queen.

"No one else has done anything," said the Objector, "so why does your Majesty say, 'what have you done?' That implies that there are others. You should say, 'what have you done?'"

"It must be very tiresome to be picked up

in that way whenever you say anything," whispered Gretchen.

"It is," said the captain, "but it's good for you. Have you ever noticed that most of the things that are good for you are disagreeable?"

"Oh, yes," Gretchen said quickly.

"If it please your Majesty—" began the gas-fitter.

"Don't say that again," the Objector said sharply. "You know that it does n't."

"Well, anyway," said the little fairy, who was getting flustered and had entirely forgotten a speech he had prepared while sitting on the moonograph, "I want to get out of jail."

"Why were you put in?" asked the queen.

"For breach of contract. I was hired to mend a leak in a gas-pipe, and instead of fixing it with solder, as I agreed, I plugged it with the first thing that came handy."

"What came handy?"

"An opal."

"Ten years more. Take him away," the queen said; and two soldiers hurried the gas-fitter from the room.

"Ten years, ten years! oh, oh, ten years!" the chorus sang joyfully.

"It's your turn next," the captain whispered to Gretchen, "and you've seen by the way the gas-fitter fared that it does n't pay to be humble, so put on a brave face. I'm sorry Willie is n't here. I think his voice would impress them."

"Any one else?" asked the queen.

"You answer," said the captain, nudging Gretchen, "as I don't want to lose my job."

"Yes; I want an audience, and I wish you'd be quick about it," she said tremblingly.

"Why, it's a human being!" cried the queen, and all the court fairies gathered at the front of the platform and looked at Gretchen.

"Is that the latest style in shirt-waists?" asked the queen.

"No, your Majesty; this is one I made from last year's pattern."

"Let me see your shoes," ordered the queen.

Gretchen, much puzzled, held up one foot so that they could get a good look at it.

"I told you so!" the Objector cried triumphantly.

Gretchen looked closer at the fairies, and saw

they had strapped to their feet queer oblong wooden boxes with handles on them.

"A male human being who was here fifty years ago told us that pumps were all the style in high society, and we have had a most uncomfortable time ever since," said the queen.

She took off her pumps and threw them on the floor, and the chorus removed theirs and capered joyously.

"What do you think of fairyland?" asked the queen.

"I have n't seen much of it, except the hotel," said Gretchen. "I came here blindfold."

"That's no excuse," said the Objector.

"Well, what do you want?" inquired the queen.

Gretchen told her story, and the court held a whispered consultation.

"It is usual for each mortal who asks a favor of us to do some task in return," the queen said. "As it is so late now, I think you would better call again to-morrow afternoon, when there is to be a reception in the castle grounds, and we will then decide what you are to do."

"May I bring my dog with me?" asked Gretchen.

"Does he chase fairies?" the queen said anxiously.

"He never has," Gretchen replied truthfully.

"Then you may fetch him," said the queen. "Good-by till to-morrow"; and she left the room, followed by the other fairies—the chorus last of all.

When they reached the hotel it was almost dark, and Gretchen, who had not slept in a really-and-truly bed for two nights, was ready to go to bed.

The human-being room proved comfortable, though it seemed queer not to have a roof over her head, and spread on a small table she found a very nice supper consisting of wild honey and sardines.

The next morning Gretchen decided to go to the magician's. She seldom ate much breakfast, and was so tired of honey and sardines that she did n't care for any at all that morning. As she reached the gate a hansom-cab drawn by an enormous grasshopper came up, and the driver, a fairy of medium size, in a long coat and shiny high hat, pointed his whip at her.

"Cab, miss?" he cried. "I drove ye to the palace yesterday."

"But I can't go without Leonardo and the captain," said Gretchen, suddenly remembering.

"To the Thirty-third Degree Transformer's," said Gretchen, trying to speak as though she had been accustomed all her short life to giving orders to cab-drivers.



GRETCHEN AND THE CAPTAIN APPEAR BEFORE THE QUEEN. (SEE PAGE 314.)

"Here comes the gents as was with ye yesterday," said the driver, pointing to the captain and Leonardo, who were returning from an early morning stroll.

"I will have to leave you now, as I go on duty to-day," said the captain, "but I have given Leonardo a guide-book so that he can help you; besides, this driver knows all about the town. Take this young lady wherever she wants to go, and charge it to my account," he added.

"All right, sir!" cried the driver, touching his hat.

Gretchen heartily thanked the captain for all his kindness, and bidding him good-by, she and Leonardo got into the cab, the driver waved his whip, and they were driven rapidly away.

"Where to?" called the driver, through a funny little trap-door he raised in the roof.

"How do you like this rig?" asked Leonardo, who was dressed in a very fashionable suit of clothes, and wore a silk hat and an eye-glass.

"It is most becoming," Gretchen replied.

"I thought this sort of thing more appropriate for a tourist than my every-day suit. They fit pretty well, don't they? I got them ready-made."

"However do you keep that eye-glass in?" asked Gretchen.

"Glue on the edges," Leonardo said briefly.

"Why, there 's Willie!" he cried, and told the driver to stop. "Hi, Willie!—I mean low Willie! Have you found a place to work?"

"Yes," said Willie, grinning from ear to ear. "Got an answer to my advertisement and a place in a watch- and clock-maker's this morning. Am on my way to fix the town clock."

"Where 's your ladder?" asked Gretchen.

"Huh! I won't need a ladder!" said Willie. "The dial is only sixteen feet above the ground." Gretchen and Leonardo looked at each other and burst into laughter, and as they laughed the grin faded from Willie's face. "There! I keep forgetting about being small!" he said. "What shall I do!"

"We are on our way to the magician's, and perhaps you could get him to change you back. Then you could fix the clock," said Gretchen.

"Good!" cried Willie, his merry grin at once returning.

Willie got into the cab, and Gretchen ordered the driver to go to the Transformer's, as it was nearly eleven o'clock. Away they went, through narrow streets lined with little houses without roofs, by all sorts of larger buildings of queer designs, Leonardo vainly trying to describe them, but getting all mixed up, as by the time he had picked one out in the guide-book they had passed at least two more; and they finally came to the magician's office. A little fairy in a green coat and brass buttons answered the

"Tell him that Gretchen wishes to see him," said Leonardo, and the boy went away. He soon returned, and asked her to follow him.

She found the magician in a plain little office, seated at a desk. His elbows were resting on the desk, his hands were pressed to his face, and he was intently studying a piece of paper.

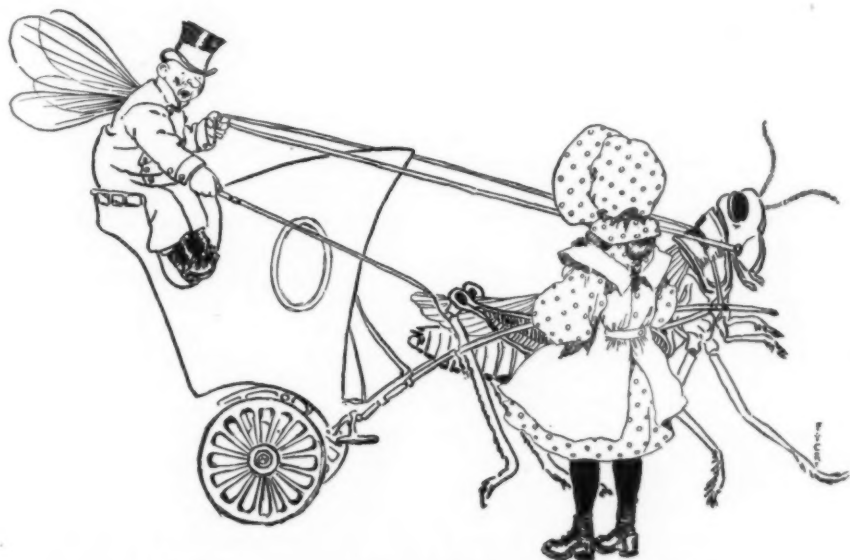
"I'm delighted to see you," he said without looking up. "Have a chair."

Gretchen looked around, and not seeing a chair did n't have one. She waited patiently while he studied the paper.

"This is most wonderful," he said finally, handing it to her. It was a puzzle-picture of a man in a funny grove of trees, and beneath it was printed: *HERE IS THE HUNTER; FIND HIS DOG.* "Can you find him?" the magician asked anxiously.

"Certainly," said Gretchen. "Don't you see that this little branch is his tail, this leaf an ear, and that limb is his body?"

"Why, so it is!" cried the magician. "You have a wonderful intellect! I'd studied that for twenty-four hours and had n't solved it."



"'CAB, MISS?' HE CRIED. 'I DROVE YE TO THE PALACE YESTERDAY.'"

bell, and they entered a reception-room, where they found a number of fairies waiting.

Gretchen told him what she wanted, and he prepared to change Snip back to a dog.

"Oh, dear!" she cried. "I forgot to bring him with me!"

"I can change him wherever he is," said the magician; and going through a few more movements than usual with his hands, he announced that the thing was done.

Gretchen told him of Willie's wish to be a giant again, and he went through some slightly different movements and said that was done.

As he finished speaking a voice cried "Hello!" and looking up, they saw Willie peering at them over the top of the wall. "Will you kindly change me back at about four o'clock?" he asked.

"Certainly," said the magician, and the giant hurried away.

"Won't you stay awhile?" said the Transformer to Gretchen, who was preparing to go.

"Thank you," she replied. "I'm afraid I'm keeping you from your work. You have so many people waiting."

"Never mind them," he said. "They are only the Discontented Dozen."

"The Discontented Dozen!" said Gretchen, opening her eyes very wide.

"Yes. There are a great many dissatisfied people in this country, even if it is fairyland, and as this dozen happens to be rich they can afford all sorts of whims. When one of them sees anybody else who looks at all happy, he or she at once wants to be changed into that kind of person. They come every few days to be transformed. I have had them lawyers, type-writers, laborers, book-agents, druggists, authors, and astronomers. If they stopped to think, it would occur to them that if I, who have studied so long and know so much, knew of any kind of being who was perfectly happy, I would change myself into such a one instead of remaining a magician."

Gretchen thought this was very clever of the Transformer, and that he certainly knew a great deal, but her eye happened to fall on the puzzle-picture, and she was not quite so sure.

"I am afraid I shall have to go, as I am to see the queen this afternoon," she said; and thanking him, and saying she hoped to see him again, she joined Leonardo. Getting into the cab, they were driven away, leaving the Discontented Dozen in the outer office, looking expectant.

Gretchen and Leonardo presently heard a

great roaring like thunder, and a squeaking and squealing like nothing else at all. Turning a corner, they found that the giant gnome, sitting in the street, was doing the roaring, and an excited little fairy dancing around him was doing the rest.

"What's the matter now, Willie?" cried Leonardo, as the cab stopped.

Gretchen saw that the giant was sitting near a building on the roof of which was a tower with a clock in it.

"Can't you reach it?" she asked.

"I can reach it!" yelled Willie, "but he's just changed me back to my old self, and I can't fix it!"

"Dear me!" said Gretchen. "I should have had you changed to a giant watch-maker!"

"Of course you should!" howled Willie.

"If that clock is n't mended to-day I'll be put in jail!" cried the little fairy. A gloomy silence followed.

"Is that your employer?" asked Gretchen, pointing at the little fairy.

"Yes!" cried Willie.

"Well, why don't you lift him up and let him mend it?"

Willie turned to the little watch-maker with a broad smile on his face.

"Hurrah!" they yelled, and the cab went on.

CHAPTER V.

POETRY AND FOOTBALL.

WHEN Gretchen and Leonardo reached the hotel they found all the little lambs perched on the fence, trembling with fear, and Snip jumping up, trying to reach them. The landlord ran to the gate.

"I heard loud barking in the safe a short time ago, and when I opened it that dog jumped out, and I can't find your satchel. I think he must have eaten it," he said.

"Why, that dog *is* the satchel," said Gretchen, calling Snip away from the lambs, who were greatly relieved and hurried into the house. Then she explained matters to the landlord and offered him the pearl.

"I can't take that; I gave it out for the bag," he said.

"But I have the bag—or the dog, which is

the same thing," said Gretchen. "And suppose I should claim a satchel for this pearl, what would you do?"

"There 's no use arguing," said the landlord. "I can't take it back till I give you a satchel — it's a rule of the house"; and he turned and walked away.

As Gretchen reached the door of the hotel she saw the little lamb waiter going toward her room with some honey and sardines on a tray. "I don't think I care for any luncheon," she said. "Let us go now to see the queen," she added, to Leonardo. In the yard they met the giant coming up the path.

"We fixed it, and as there were no other town clocks to mend to-day, the master said I could have a half-holiday," he roared.

"What was the matter with it?" asked Leonardo.

"Only a little seaweed in the works," replied Willie.

"Seaweed!" cried Gretchen and Leonardo together.

"How could that get in?"

"I don't know *how* it got in. I only said that it *was* in," Willie answered.

"He 's quite conceited because he helped mend that clock," whispered Leonardo.

"I find that I can hear much better than I could on earth," said Willie. "I suppose the air must be clearer."

Leonardo looked all around. "I don't see any seaweed in it," he said.

The offended giant started toward the gate; but Leonardo ran after, apologized, and invited him to visit the queen with them, and Willie was mollified. The hansom was waiting.

"I never can get in that," said the giant.

"Course ye can't! Get behind, will ye?" cried the driver. "Whoa!" he yelled to the grasshopper, which was violently shying.

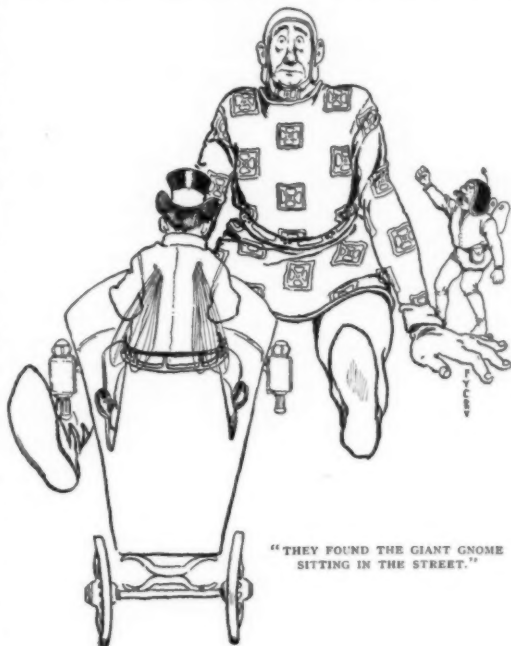
Gretchen, Leonardo, and Snip entered the cab, and Willie followed on foot. When they reached the castle, they went through a door opening into the gardens, the giant stepping over the wall. Snip was so wild with excitement at seeing so many things that roused his curiosity

that he did n't know where to begin. The first person they saw was the Poet, who walked haughtily by without noticing them.

"Oh, there 's the Poet!" cried Gretchen. "Won't you read us some of your verses?" she called after him.

The Poet turned and hurried toward them so fast that he tripped and almost fell. He shook hands with Gretchen and Leonardo, not noticing Willie, whom he mistook for a tree. "Of course I will," he said, leading them to a bench.

"THEY FOUND THE GIANT GNOME SITTING IN THE STREET."



"What is that card sticking out of your pocket?" asked Gretchen.

"That is my poetic license. You see, poets sometimes put poor rhymes or poor sense in their verses, and they have licenses for making such mistakes. I am allowed thirty errors a month, and when I make one the Objector punches out a number on the edge of my license. When it is used up I have to wait until the next month before I can write any more. There are many poets in this country, but I am the only Court Poet. I cannot think of any one on earth who can be compared to me, unless it 's Shakspeare; and as he lived

when the fairies were there, they probably helped him. Still, our verses are not the least bit alike," the Poet said thoughtfully. "I will now read my first poem. It is rather childish, as I wrote it when I was only eighty years old, but I think you will like the spirit"; and he read the following:

"ODE TO DAY.

*"O merry day! O merry day!
You make me gay and full of play.
I would that you could last away.*

*"I do not like the darksome night,
When mice delight to squeak and fight,
And put me in an awful fright.*

*"With joy I'm filled when comes the sun
And day's begun; I have such fun.
But sad am I when it is done."*

"There is one thing about that poem which I don't agree with," said the Objector, who had come behind the wooden bench.

"What is that?" asked Gretchen.

"The last line," said the Objector.

The Poet looked gloomily at the ground and bit his lips. "My next is a short rhyme about my little brother, written after the occasion of his first feast," he said:

*"Woeful Waldo, careless glutton, suffers much unrest
From a pain within the region just behind his vest.
But he has increase of knowledge, having learned
of late
That mince-pie and lobster salad won't col-lab-o-
rate."*

"That's very nice," said Gretchen. "What does it mean?"

The Poet rose wearily and walked away.

"Well, it was hard to understand," Gretchen said ruefully, looking after him.

"When people become intelligent enough to understand his verses, they won't listen to them," said the Objector. "That's his greatest trouble."

The Objector asked Gretchen if she would like to go to a football game that was to commence shortly, and which the king was to referee. He said that the king was very fond of football—that he studied it from a little book of rules which one of the railway guards had brought in.

Gretchen was delighted to go, and walking

through a garden,—which was like any fairy garden you may have seen,—they presently came to a large field. This field had tiers of seats on all sides, and an enormous gridiron held about three feet above the ground, on little posts, in the center.

On the gridiron stood a number of fairies in football costumes, and one of them kicked the ball from it, and instantly fell between two of the bars. In a second all was confusion; another player threw the ball back on the gridiron, the rest rushed for it, and at once fell through. They tried to save themselves by spreading their elbows apart, those underneath holding on by their hands, and one little fairy even swinging to a bar by his heels. The Objector pointed to another fairy, who yelled louder and fell through oftener than any one else, and said that he was the king.

"I don't know anything about football," said Gretchen, "but I don't believe *that* is the way to play it."

The game stopped, and the king came toward them. "This human-being little girl thinks that you don't play properly," said the Objector.

"No chance for argument," said the king. "The rules say the ball must be kicked off from a line on the gridiron, though it does seem rather silly to kick it off only to throw it right on again. There's one rule we simply can't follow: we can't keep it up for forty minutes."

Gretchen heard a roaring noise which she knew to be Willie's voice; but the army did n't know about it, and ran away as fast as they could.

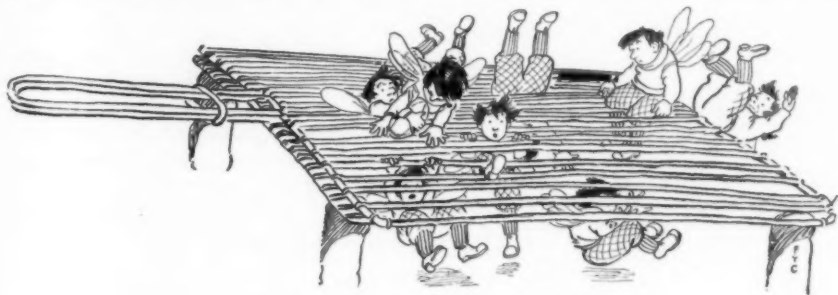
She presented the giant to the king, and having seen all the football she cared for, asked the Objector if he would take her to the queen. As they left the field the king ran after her and pointing to Willie, said: "Oh, would n't he make a great center rush!"

They found the queen holding an open-air reception, surrounded by the members of the court. Gretchen made her way through the crowd, and kneeling, kissed the queen's hand, thinking that the proper thing to do. The queen asked many questions about the styles in dress on earth, none of which Gretchen could answer.

The Poet approached and said that he had composed some verses about Gretchen, describ-

ing her life before she came among them, and as he knew nothing whatever of the subject, Gretchen was very anxious to hear them. The queen ordered the court to be quiet, and as

and the teacher is as apt to play the drum as anything else — more apt, for punishing the children would fit him for that instrument." He was so angry that he could n't remember



THE FAIRY FOOTBALL PLAYERS ON THE GRIDIRON.

soon as there was an opportunity the Poet began to recite:

*"There was a little maiden once with eyes of deepest blue,
Her ankles were extremely weak, but her heart
was good and true."*

"That won't do!" said the Objector. "In the first place, her eyes are brown." The Poet handed out his license to be punched. "Then, what have her ankles to do with her heart?"

"They help support it, don't they? If it was n't for her ankles, her heart and all the rest of her would flop down — except her feet.

*"She lived within a valley where the birds sang
night and day;
They did n't sing at other times, but rested by the
way."*

"Hold on!" cried the Objector. "What other times are there besides night and day?"

"There 's twilight and dawn," said the Poet, angrily. "The birds rested then.

*"This little maiden learned her lessons from a
master grand,
Who when he was n't teaching school was drummer
in the band."*

The Objector turned to the others. "Do you wonder that I have wrinkles?" he asked. "Imagine a school-teacher who was also a drummer!"

"You don't know anything about villages!" howled the Poet. "There 's always a band,

the rest of the verses, and no one was very sorry.

"What is his name?" whispered Gretchen to the queen.

"Mike," she answered.

"A poet named Mike!" cried Gretchen.

"Yes; and the worst of it is that there 's no remedy. It is n't Miguel or Michel, or even Michael, but just plain Mike. That 's his greatest trouble."

The queen arose and addressed the court. "You all know this little girl's errand," she said. "That she may earn the jewels she wishes to carry away, we will give her two tasks to perform, one for the body and one for the mind. I will allot the first task, and the king will allot the second, which will be the more difficult. How are the morning and afternoon suns getting on?" she asked.

"Do you have two suns?" cried Gretchen.

"Have n't you noticed that?" asked the queen. Gretchen murmured something about having been too busy.

"The suns are in good condition, but the moon is badly tarnished," said the Objector.

"Then the task I set is for her to gild the moon," said the queen.

"Oh, I never can do that!" cried Gretchen.

"Yes, you can," the queen said sharply. "I would n't tell you to do anything that was impossible. You 'll need help, and can take any one you like from the court, though I 'd advise you to be careful in choosing. The Objector,

for instance, would be a great hindrance, as he would tell you only what not to do. And now, as you are a human-being little girl, you are probably hungry and perhaps would like something to eat."

"I won't have any honey and sardines!" Gretchen cried promptly.

"Certainly not," said the queen, giving orders to an attendant. "While you are eating your

playing football like mad. He held one hand underneath it, and when a player fell through, would catch him and put him back.

The court fairies became much interested in the game, which was reaching a climax. It reached an entirely unexpected climax, for the giant suddenly disappeared, and the gridiron fell to the ground, scattering the players in all directions.

Gretchen saw a crestfallen little watch-maker steal from behind the handle and run quickly across the garden.

"I suppose that it must be four o'clock," she said softly to herself.

CHAPTER VI.

THE QUEEN'S STORY OF THE SUNS.

As Gretchen finished her luncheon the Poet came toward her. "I have just been writing a song," he said.

"Oh, sing it to me!" she cried.

"I have n't fitted the music to it yet, but these are the words," was the Poet's reply; and he recited the following verses:

"THE SUPERIOR STUDENT.

"There once was a student, sing ho!
Who lived on the earth below.
He followed a pace that was far from slow;
His collars were high, but his manners were low.
Sing heigh, sing hi, sing ho!
Sing ho, sing ho! His manners were terribly low!

"That last line is for the chorus," said the Poet.

"At football he was expert,
And seldom, if ever, got hurt.
He kicked the ball so high in the air
That it never came down, but stayed up there.
Sing heigh, sing hi, sing ho!

"But golf was his greatest game,
He made others' scores look tame.
His drives were so remarkably strong
That he took an automobile along.
Sing heigh, sing hi, sing ho!

"He was in the college crew,
And pulled the stroke-oar, too.
The shell went forward so very fast
That in every race it came in last.
Sing heigh, sing hi, sing ho!



"'IS IT TRUE,' THE QUEEN WHISPERED, 'THAT BUSTLES ARE COMING IN AGAIN?'"

luncheon I will take my afternoon walk, and when I come back I'll tell you the story of how Prince Mardo brought the suns into fairyland." Then she called Gretchen aside. "Is it true," she whispered, "that bustles are coming in again?"

The attendant returned, and spreading a cloth on a little table, set out a very nice luncheon of pickled herring and jelly. As the queen arose to go the king appeared, running very hard.

"That little girl has brought the greatest man who ever played on a football field!" he cried. "You won't have to go to see the game any more, for he will bring it to you"; and the king pointed at Willie, who was walking toward them, carrying the gridiron, on which the army was

*"In baseball he quite excelled,
And the highest average held.
He'd bat a dozen home runs, 't was said,
And end by batting the umpire's head.
Sing heigh, sing hi, sing ho!*

*"His studies he never shirked.
But so very hard he worked
That out of a class of seventy
He was highest of all—save sixty-three.
Sing heigh, sing hi, sing ho!
Sing ho, sing ho! He certainly was n't slow.*

"That last line is for the chorus," said the Poet. "Repetitions are a great advantage in writing poetry, and I don't know how I'd get along without them. See how that 'Sing ho, sing ho!' comes in. I once wrote a long poem on that order, that went like this:

*"There once was a coachman who curried a cur, a
cur, a cur, a cur,
And the dog very gratefully said: 'Thank you,
sir, you, sir, you, sir, you, sir.
For my coat some attention did certainly need,
And for your kind efforts I'm thankful indeed.
You've rubbed to a gloss with remarkable speed
my fur, my fur, my fur.'*

"It was very long, and there was scarcely any meaning in it," the Poet added proudly.

Gretchen heard laughter behind her, and, turning, discovered the queen, the king, and the members of the court examining an oil-painting that stood on an easel.

"A painting like this comes every week, and having a great fun criticizing them," said the queen.

"Who paints them?" asked Gretchen.

"We don't know," said the king. "The only thing that would show who the artist is, is his signature in one corner, and of course no one can read that. I tell you it's a landscape with animals in the foreground," he exclaimed to the queen, who had been insisting that it was a beefsteak with mushrooms.

Every one had something to say about the picture, all agreeing that it was very bad, and having a great time at the expense of the artist. Gretchen looked about for the Objector, and found him standing apart, looking discouraged.

"Oh, do come and help us find fault!" she cried, running to him. "It's the greatest fun!"

"I will let you into a secret," he said gloomily. "I paint those pictures."

"I will now tell you the story of how Prince Mardo brought the suns to fairyland," just then said the queen, motioning to the others to sit down. "Once upon a time—"

"That's a very old-fashioned way in which to begin a fairy story, your Majesty," said the Objector.

The queen began again: "Long years ago—"

"Not much better," growled the Objector.

"Well, anyway," said the queen, "once upon a time—I mean, long years ago—I will be greatly obliged if you won't interrupt me again," she said, turning to the Objector, who was n't saying anything. "You put me out so that I hardly know how to commence. Many years ago this band of fairies decided to leave the earth. We found that men were changing, and instead of singing songs, telling tales, and seeking adventures, they had taken to making money and inventing things. With this spirit in man came another in the air called the Modern Spirit, who is our deadliest enemy, as contact with him, or even sight of him, dissolves us. I do not say that he is a bad spirit, but I do say that he is very bad for us. With the coming of new inventions the Modern Spirit grew so strong that we decided to move into this mountain.

"It was easy enough to move in, but lighting the place was another matter. We found plenty of natural gas, which gives a poor light, as you may have noticed in the tunnel. After many consultations we decided that the only way to get the proper light was to have some fairy go out and bring in a piece of the sun. This was such a dangerous undertaking that in the whole kingdom there was but one fairy brave enough to undertake it—Prince Mardo, now our king." And the queen pointed dramatically at the king, who was peacefully sleeping, with his crown tipped over one eye.

"With two magicians he went out of this mountain, defying the Modern Spirit. He had a meeting with the Spirit of the Sun, telling him that the sun was so large that it seemed selfish of him not to spare a little sliver for us, and the Sun Spirit agreed to part with a bit of it.



"'I PAINT THOSE PICTURES,' SAID THE OBJECTOR, GLOOMILY."

"The next question was, how to get it here. The magicians thought the best plan would be to wait till the sun got directly over the hole in our mountain, then chip off a piece and let it fall in.

"On earth people talk of the morning and afternoon suns, which are one and the same, and it occurred to Mardo that he might get two pieces, and really have morning and afternoon suns; so he arranged this with the Sun Spirit. Then, being very thoughtful, he remembered the moon and went to see the Moon Spirit, who agreed to let him have a corner of the moon that was seldom lit up anyway.

"You can imagine how pleased we were when he came back and told us all about it. It was agreed that the morning sun, which is officially known as the A.M. sun, should rise in the east, go half-way across the sky, and turn and set in the east. The afternoon sun, which is officially known as the P.M. sun, was to rise in the west before the morning sun had set, go half-way up, then come back and set in the west. Magicians were busy arranging forces to run the suns, fairies were appointed to take charge of the places they were to set in, and every one was praising the bravery of Mardo"; and the queen looked fondly at the king, who was snoring. Gretchen did n't see where his bravery came in, but she thought it best not to mention this.

"The magicians had figured out the time it would take for a bit of the sun to drop to the earth, and on the day the first piece was to arrive, a great crowd gathered about the entrance of the cave. Late in the afternoon a rush of

hot air was felt, and a dozen griffins — whom nobody had thought to warn — shot out of the cave and were blown half-way across the country before they could stop; and the worst of it was, their wings were so badly singed that they had to walk back. Bang! After them came the morning sun, and flew right over into the place reserved for the afternoon sun to set in."

"How did you know that it was the morning sun?" asked Gretchen.

"Because it came first."

"Were they both the same size?"

"Yes."

"Then what difference did it make?"

"Well, anyway," said the queen, after a slight pause, "you know how excited fairies get when things go wrong, and you can imagine the confusion when the next day the afternoon sun came in and shot over into the same place. A few days later the moon arrived; and of all the shabby-looking moons you ever saw it was the worst—it looked like the back of a haircloth sofa. By that time we had the morning sun in the proper place, so we gilded the moon, set it up, and things have been running smoothly ever since. But for nearly a week we had two suns in the afternoon, and none at all in the morning."

"I always thought that whatever time the sun rose was morning," said Gretchen.

"Not if it is the afternoon sun," said the queen.

The king was suddenly awakened by falling off his chair. "I have just been thinking that I will go with this little girl when she starts to gild the moon, and take the army with me," he said.

They discussed the manner in which they should travel, and agreed that Gretchen, Leonardo, and Snip should go in a hansom-cab, and did not agree at all about the way in which the others should go.

"Well!" cried Gretchen, after a dozen different plans had been suggested, "as you all have wings, I can't see why you don't fly."

The queen looked at her severely. "My dear child, flying is distinctly out of date. None but a griffin or other common person would think of doing it. Besides, wings are worn closely trimmed this season."

"As we won't start for a day or two, we can leave these questions till to-morrow," said the king. "I will begin thinking about them at once," and he fell asleep again. The queen seemed sleepy too, and as the others saw this they pretended to be sleepy—all but the Objector, who offered to show Gretchen through the castle.

They walked through an avenue of trees, and presently came to the roof lying on the grass, and beyond this the great front wall of the castle, fully twenty feet high, in which was the grand entrance, a high arched door with the sill at least six feet from the ground. Gretchen asked

where the steps were, and the Objector explained that as the castle had been built when flying was in fashion, no stairs were needed. When flying went out, they started to build a grand staircase; but he had declared that going upstairs was unhealthy, so they gave it up. Now the fairies had to run and jump, which was undignified, or be shot in with an immense sling-shot the king had invented, which was dangerous, or go in at the side entrance.

Gretchen found the inside of the castle very interesting, especially the queen's apartments, which were papered with fashion-plates, some of them five hundred years old. The walls of the king's rooms were covered with boxing-gloves, foils, tennis-rackets, golf-clubs, baseball-bats, and pictures of all sorts of games, from ancient hand-ball to mumblety-peg.

The beds all had canopies to keep off the moonlight, which the Objector said made the fairies want to get up and dance, and the coverings had funny little openings for wings to go through. They visited the rooms of state, the reception-hall, the dining-hall, and the back hall.

As they came out into the grounds, Gretchen



"THE KING WAS PEACEFULLY SLEEPING, WITH HIS CROWN TIPPED OVER ONE EYE." (SEE PAGE 323.)

heard a feeble bark, and saw Snip wearily dragging himself toward her. His air of gaiety was gone, and he was a tired and woebegone-looking little dog. The Objector called Snip to him, and patted his head; but the pup was too discouraged even to wag his tail.

"Poor little chap," said the Objector, who

was very fond of animals, "I know what the matter is. This is fairyland, you know, and nothing that he sniffs at has a scent to him."

CHAPTER VII.

VISITING A SCHOOL, AND OTHER ADVENTURES.

THE morning after the reception Gretchen thought she would like to see some of the institutions of fairyland, and taking Leonardo and Snip with her, she entered the cab and was driven to a primary school.

She said she would like to start with the lowest grade, and they were shown into a room filled with wooden benches, with all sorts of fairies sitting on them. The teacher, an elderly, sharp-visaged female, explained that this was a class in observation.

"Don't you teach them to read first?" asked Gretchen.

"Not a bit of it," said the teacher. "They are all so old that they picked that up long ago; but one is never too old to learn observation. You have no idea what a useful study it is. What is that?" she asked, pointing out of the window.

"A tree!" cried the class.

"What do you notice about it?"

"It is high, round, oval, brown, green, and — sappy."

"What kind of a tree is it?" asked Gretchen, and no one in the class knew.

"I don't think that amounts to much," said Gretchen, who thought she was quite clever.

"That's a good point," said the teacher, "and they realize it. What is this?" she added, pointing at Gretchen.

"A little girl!" howled the class. "She is short, white, green, freckled, gawky, and — saucy."

"Let us go into another room," said Gretchen.

The fairies in the next class were like those in the first, except that they looked as though they thought they knew a little more. The teacher at once came forward.

"This is the grade in which we teach them to avoid useless things. It was founded by the Objector," she said. "Did n't you ever start doing something useless, knowing that it was

useless, and when some one told you that it was useless, stop doing it?"

"No," answered Gretchen; "but I have often wanted my mother to stop washing my face."

"Would you like to question the class?" asked the teacher.

"No, thank you," Gretchen said hastily.

"They have just finished an example," continued the teacher. "This is the answer: Therefore: The fat man has run half a block, missed the street-car, and stands puffing on the corner. The look of annoyance on his face is useless."

"It seems to me that it would be better to teach them what to *do* in a case of that kind than what to *avoid*," said Gretchen, who had been thinking of an objection.

"We teach that in the next class," and the teacher opened a door. "Example number nineteen!" she cried. "What should the fat man on the corner be doing?"

"Winding his watch!" yelled some voices in the other room.

"I think this school is getting too deep for me," said Gretchen, as they went into the hall.

"We might visit the kindergarten," suggested Leonardo. "I've heard there is a very interesting class there, in which children are taught to put things back where they belong."

"No, no," Gretchen said wearily. "I've heard too much of that at home. I think they have the most peculiar studies here."

"Of course they differ from those on earth, though I believe some earthly children might be benefited by them," and Leonardo looked at her out of the corner of his eye. "There are forty-eight classes that you have n't visited," he added.

"Oh, there's a building with a roof!" cried Gretchen, who was very eager to change the subject.

This proved to be the College of Magic, and Leonardo read from his guide-book that the roof was there to keep impudent griffins from seeing in as they flew past. They knocked at the front door of the college, and it was opened by an old man fairy in a long robe and high-pointed hat. He seemed doubtful about letting them in; but when Gretchen said that she knew

the Thirty-third Degree Transformer he became more polite, and showed them into a reception-room. She asked if they might visit some of the classes in magic. The old man said he was n't sure whether they could or not; but he would think it over, and as he always thought better when he was alone, they would have to excuse him; and he went away. He stayed but a short time, and when he came back said:

"I have decided that you can go through one or two of the lower class-rooms, so please follow me."

They went into a hall, up a flight of stairs, then down another flight of stairs into the same hall again.

"What was that for?" asked Gretchen.

"We do that with all the pupils when they first come," said the old man. "It's to get their minds different."

Gretchen opened her mouth to say something, when she happened to look at the old man's eyes, and saw in them the same gleam she had noticed in the eyes of the class in observation, so she kept silence.

He opened a door and ushered them into a little workshop. Another little man, not quite so large as the first, but dressed in the same fashion, was seated on a small bench, and in front of him kneeled a younger fairy in a leather apron.

"These youngsters are taught one at a time," said the magician after they had been introduced, "but as this is a college, it sounds better to speak of classes, and though they are only apprentices, we call them freshmen, for the same reason. This one is learning the first degree in magic—the transforming of the smallest objects. I am teaching him to change a mouse into a padlock."

"Where is the mouse?" shrieked Gretchen, grabbing her skirts about her and jumping on the bench.

"Oh, it's only a fairy mouse," said the magician. "Besides, it's almost changed." And he held up the mouse, which indeed looked something like a padlock. "You see its tail is formed into the hasp, its eyes into keyholes on each side, and its paws make keys, as having four of them is so convenient.

"When this freshman has learned about little things he will take up big ones, till finally, if

he's clever enough, he will be taught the thirty-third degree. The easiest thing in that degree is changing a white elephant into a second mortgage." The magician held up the transformed mouse, which was a padlock with four keys hanging to it by a string. "It is n't so hard as it looks," he said thoughtfully. "You only have to know how, and have the power."

This seemed very simple to Gretchen and Leonardo. They went into the next room, where another student was learning to change a clothes-brush into a jar of olives, and the old man said that was as far as he could take them.

As they reached the front door they heard a voice yelling, "Go home! Go home, you brute!" and the hansom-cab dashed around the corner, the grasshopper mad with terror, and Snip in close pursuit.

"Come here, you wicked dog!" cried Gretchen, and he came, and felt so ashamed that he laid his ears down flat and wagged his tail.

"I suppose he's been waiting for that chance for two days," said Leonardo.

They found the grasshopper very tired and the driver very angry. "He's been chasing us round dis block ever since ye went in de school!" cried the latter.

"It's funny we did n't see you when we entered the college," said Gretchen, "but you were probably on the other side of the block."

"And me tires is all worn out and I'll have to get new ones!" howled the driver.

Gretchen and Leonardo agreed to go to a blacksmith-shop with him, and they all walked, to save the grasshopper from further exertion. They passed the watch-maker's shop on the way, and saw Willie sitting in the window. His face was all screwed on one side in the effort to keep a funny little glass in his eye, through which he was peering at the works of a watch. When he saw them he hurried out.

"How are you getting on?" asked Leonardo.

"Not at all well. He only trusts me with the smallest watches, and they all have three dials: one for the morning sun, one for the afternoon sun, and one for the moon. The main spring, that makes the works spring round to these different dials, is very hard to adjust," said Willie. "Besides, I've broken three crystals to-day. Oh, it is n't what it's

cracked up to be!" And he looked quite gloomy.

"I don't see how you are going to have any adventures sitting in that shop," said Gretchen.

"Neither do I," said Willie. "I've half a mind to ask that magician to change me into a policeman."

The blacksmith was a very obliging little fairy. He went right to work at the tires, the others looking on, except the grasshopper, who sank into a dreamless sleep. When the tires were finished, the grasshopper was awakened, and they drove to the castle.

Gretchen found the court in the Hall of State.

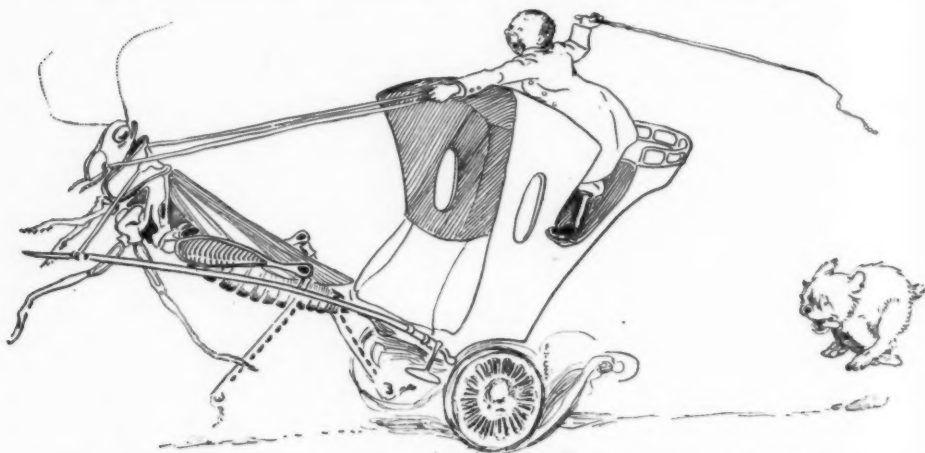
"Wait!" cried Gretchen. "Why don't you have the magician transfer us there?"

"That 's a good idea," said the queen. "Had the king slept a little longer he probably would have thought of that." Then she dismissed the court.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE POET AND THE FEAST.

THE first person Gretchen saw when she entered the inn was the Poet, who was filling his fountain-pen at the landlord's inkstand. He drew her aside mysteriously.



"THE HANSOM-CAB DASHED AROUND THE CORNER, THE GRASSHOPPER MAD WITH TERROR, AND SNIP IN CLOSE PURSUIT."

They had all talked so much that they received her silently, all except the king, who snored.

"I have been thinking," he said, as they awakened him, "about the way in which we will travel to the moon."

"We have all been thinking about it, and twenty-six different methods have been suggested!" cried the queen.

"And I've objected to all of 'em," the Objector said cheerfully.

"I have had them arranged alphabetically, and my secretary will now read them," said the king.

The secretary began in a monotonous voice:

"Apes.
Balloons.
Camels.
Dogs.
Elephants.

Freight trains.
Goats.
Horses.
Ibexes."

"Do you know that this country is being ruined by the Objector?" he asked impressively. "He is putting all sorts of notions in the people's heads. Our family is quite literary, and yesterday my brother Fred, who is a book-agent, went into a man's office to sell him a book. The man did n't look up, but handed this to brother Fred"; and the Poet gave Gretchen a card that the Objector had given him, which read:

Excuse me, my friend. I am very busy and do NOT wish to buy a book.

"Now is n't that discouraging?" and the Poet walked away looking very sad.

That afternoon an invitation came from the queen, bidding Gretchen and her attendants to

come to the feast the next morning. The bell-boy who brought it up said that there was a foot blocking the front entrance, that would n't go away until its owner had seen her, and going down, she found Willie filling up the front yard.

"The Waiters' Union has threatened to strike if I go to the feast," he said.

"As you are invited, I would advise you to go to the Transformer and get changed into a small after-dinner speaker," said Gretchen, and he went away highly delighted.

The next morning Gretchen, Leonardo, and Willie, who was small again, started for the castle in the hansom-cab, Snip running behind. On their arrival they passed through the candy Hall of Justice into a great apartment which the king, the queen, and the court were just entering. The king and queen seated themselves at the head of a long table, and the others were arranged according to their rank, Gretchen and her friends, who had n't any rank, being shown to seats near the foot. A large number of little lambs frisked about, getting in one another's way, and the feast commenced.

The fairies all chatted merrily, no one seeming impressed by the occasion except the lambs. The first course was ice-cream. This seemed queer to Gretchen, who had read about feasts in the newspapers, though this was the first one she had ever attended.

"I think that ought to come last," she said.

"You should n't say you think; you should say you accept, meaning that you accept some one else's idea," said the Objector. "Of course, if you thought about it at all, you would realize that it might as well come first as at any other time."

"But the best things always come last," said Gretchen.

"Do you know that cold contracts, and that by eating this ice-cream now our throats are made smaller, so that we taste everything more, to say nothing of its taking us longer to eat it?" demanded the Objector. "If you had only one meal in fifty years you would think of these things."

"He who thinks, and really thinks, my mind doth help to fill;

But he who only thinks he thinks had better far keep still,"

murmured the Poet, when the Objector paused.

"That 's very good," said the Objector.

The fairies rose to their feet and cheered.

"That 's the first time he ever said anything was good!" cried the Poet, and the Objector seemed much ashamed.

The next course was cheese, which was served without removing the ice-cream.

"Now will you tell me why this comes next?" cried Gretchen.

"That 's very simple," said the king. "Cheese improves with age, and of course no one wants to eat it now, so we save it and it becomes more valuable. That cheese is over two hundred years old."

Gretchen looked at the fairies and thought of all the queer things she had seen them do. Then she reached for the salt and pepper and began sprinkling her ice-cream with them. She then broke up a piece of cheese, threw the bits into the ice-cream, and calmly stirred the dish with her spoon.

"Why are you doing that?" cried the Objector, stretching his neck nearly across the table.

"I have no reason," she said.

"Then it is useless."

Gretchen looked at him deliberately. "No," she said; "it is for relief. Since I have been here I have heard reasons for every foolish thing that was done; now I am doing a foolish thing without any reason, just for a change."

For half a minute every eye was riveted on the ice-cream. The suspense was terrible.

"Well, anyway," said the queen, "as regards this journey to the moon—"

A long discussion followed. The king had delayed the trip until after the feast, as he would have more authority then; men's rights would prevail, and everything would be more businesslike.

Gretchen told them about Willie's phosphorus paint; they thought that would look better on the moon than gilt, and the king sent word to have the Transformer prepare a supply of it.

"I believe I will go," said the queen. "I think it would be great fun."

"Why don't you take the entire court?" asked the Objector, sarcastically.

"That 's certainly a good idea," said the queen, earnestly. "Would you like to go?"

"We should!" cried the court.

The Objector drew his lips into a straight line and looked down at his plate; he would have preferred to stay at home and object to things.

The feast went on in a peculiar way, and the only question Gretchen ventured to ask was about a funny little round roast, which the Objector told her was hedgehog à la Rugby. The last course was oysters on the sixteenth-shell, and when that was over the Poet jumped to his feet.

"I will now read you my latest," he said, "which are lines on a little boy."

"Where is he?" asked the Objector.

"Who?"

"The little boy. You said the lines were on him."

"Oh, how that ruins one's inspiration!" wailed the Poet.

"Go ahead," said the king, and the Poet recited these verses:

"THE DISADVANTAGE OF TALENT.

*"Little Willie, luckless urchin, could not slide
upon his sled,
But stayed in the house and practised, 'cause he
was so talent-ed;
Could not amble on the sidewalk with his com-
rades, hand in hand—
Must do many exercises on the ancient baby
grand.
Little Willie, luckless urchin, often wished that
he were dead—
Must stay in the house and practise, 'cause he
was so talent-ed.*

"The meter changes here," said the Poet.

"Any change will be welcome," murmured the Objector.

"Then it won't change!" cried the Poet, spitefully.

*"Wilhelm's now a great pianist, with much long
and ragged hair;
Has an ugly disposition, and a temper like a
bear.
Folks talk of artistic feeling, say it comes from
temperament,
But I think it's old resentment that at last has
found a vent—*

*Memories of wasted childhood, which to cranki-
ness have led,
Memories of the days he practised, 'cause he was
so talent-ed."*

"I think I have discovered the trouble with your verses, Mike," said the Objector, smiling at him sweetly. "They come under a poor rule."

"Explain yourself," said the Poet, who hated to be called Mike.

"You know, of course, that anything that's good seems short; a good song or story or game, for instance. It's a poor rule that won't work both ways, so anything that's short ought to seem good. Well — most of your poems are short."

The Poet looked at him dubiously. "I'm sure he means something disagreeable," he said to Gretchen.

"When shall we start for the moon?" asked Gretchen, eager to change the subject.

"To-morrow," the king replied.

"But if the entire court is going I should think you'd send them word,—telephone or something,—so that they will be prepared."

"Don't mention electricity here!" cried the queen. "It's the most deadly enemy we have."

"But there's Willie's telephone —" began Gretchen.

"What!" shrieked the queen. "Has any one dared bring a telephone to this court?"

Willie was at once seized, and there, hanging to the little hump of his dress-coat, was a tiny receiver, so small that one could n't see the hole in it.

"There's no electricity about it," he said. "It works with a string, like the one in my cave."

"Who is that?" asked the king.

"That's the giant," said Gretchen.

"What!" cried the king. "You get yourself changed back again as fast as you can," he added severely.

"But he's an after-dinner speaker now," said Gretchen.

"Speech! Speech!" cried the fairies.

Willie rose and looked about him nervously. "Your Majesties — er — er — ladies and gen-

tlemen, and—er—others,” and he waved his hand comprehensively. “This expectedly unentired—er—er—I mean entirely unexpected call finds me praredfully unpretot—er—I should say totally unprepared. I am reminded of—er—little incident—er—er—about—uh—a shoe-horn and a bottle of ink. In my—uh—native village—er—er—there was—uh—uh—an old—uh—er—shoemaker who—er—was a—er—uh—a—er—great character—”

Willie held his watch-chain tightly in one hand, and wrung the tail of his coat with the other. The Objector, who had been squirming nervously on his chair, now arose.

barren-looking country. Near by she saw the king, the queen, the army, and all the members of the court engaged in a discussion, with Willie, Leonardo, and Snip looking on. She ran to them as fast as she could.

“What ever am I doing here?” she cried.

“This is the moon country, and you were transferred here during the night,” said the king.

“Then I have n’t been in bed at all,” she said, yawning. “Dear me! I wish you would let me know when you are going to do these things,” she added petulantly.

The Objector pointed out a round, shabby-looking object, saying that it was the moon.



“I AM REMINDED OF—ER—LITTLE INCIDENT—ER—ER—ABOUT—UH—A SHOE-HORN AND A BOTTLE OF INK.”

“I think there must be some mistake, your Majesty,” he said, “as, judging by the time this gentleman will require, he is evidently an after-breakfast speaker.” And Willie sat down in confusion.

The king and queen departed, followed by the members of the court, with the exception of the Objector.

“Oh, dear!” cried Gretchen. “I have forgotten Snip, and am afraid he has n’t had any dinner.”

“I will help you find him,” said the Objector, and they looked through the different rooms, finally coming to the Hall of Justice. There they found Snip furiously licking the walls.

CHAPTER IX.

THE VISIT TO THE MOON.

WHEN Gretchen awoke the next day she was surprised to find herself sitting on a rock in a

“Your work begins now,” said the king, turning to Gretchen. “Here, you!” he called to Willie, who was a giant again. “Where ’s that phosphorus paint?”

Willie soon appeared with a barrel of paint, some soldiers brought brushes and buckets, and all became very busy. The king was in his element. With his coat off and his crown on the back of his head, he ordered the others about, and soon had them building a scaffolding.

Gretchen thought it time for her to commence painting; but the king waved her away.

“We ’ll have the giant paint the top!” cried the king. “You won’t need that scaffolding. Walk on it!”

Willie walked on the scaffolding, which at once collapsed, and began painting the upper part of the moon with an enormous brush, splattering paint right and left.

“Umbrellas!” cried the female fairies.

"Go slowly!" yelled the king. "Do you think you're a rain-maker?"

"His faculty for doing wrong is nothing less than a talent," said the Transformer.

"When he went to you the other day, why did n't you change him into a *good* after-dinner speaker?" asked Gretchen.

"He did n't say anything about that, and I supposed he wanted to be the usual thing."

"I missed you at the feast," she said.

"I stayed at home, and had a terrible time. Did you notice that stupid-looking boy in my office? I sent him out to an intelligence office to hire a chef for the occasion. In his ignorance he brought a chief, and we had nothing but Indian meal and jerked venison. It was an Indian chief"; and the Transformer glared at her dyspeptically.

The Objector drew Gretchen aside. "Do you know," he said, "I'm beginning to have an idea that the people in this kingdom don't like me. After all I've done for them, too!"

Gretchen looked at him thoughtfully for a long time.

"I would n't like to criticize one so much

"No; the first covers my case"; and he went away to think.

When Gretchen asked if it was n't time for her to commence her part of the painting, the king said she had better wait. The Objector was still lost in thought.

"I hope I have n't offended you," said Gretchen, after waiting a few moments.

"No, indeed," he said. "I've been thinking that I will change my official position. I am going to ask the king to let me paint the moon a little, if you don't mind; but I'll wait till the others go away, as I'm rather sensitive about painting before people. You don't mind, do you?"

"Not at all; but I can't see where my work is likely to begin"; and she went to the king. "I have n't done anything at all," she said.

"The credit is yours, as had it not been for you the moon would have gone unpainted; but if your conscience troubles you, you can daub that little corner that Willie has left," said the king.

So Gretchen took the enormous brush and covered a little spot on the moon with paint. The fairies clapped their hands, and every one felt very jolly.

As there was nothing more to be done, the king told the magician to transfer them to the castle; and the next thing Gretchen knew, she was sitting at a long table in one of the rooms of state, with the king, the queen, and the members of the court around her.

"You have now fulfilled the first part of your work," said the king, "and the final task will be imposed by the Objector; but as he stopped to put some finishing touches on the moon, we shall have to wait a few minutes. If you succeed, how many jewels do you wish?"

"I would like about an ounce and a half," said Gretchen.

"You will be wise to take no more," the king remarked. "A modest fortune is best, as great wealth is a burden."

"Pardon me, your Majesty, but that's an old idea," said the Transformer.

"It's true, if it is old!" cried the king, hotly. "Are n't the very wealthy men you know unhappy?" he demanded of Gretchen.

"I can't say that they are —"



"THEY FOUND SNIF LICKING THE WALLS."

older than myself," she said; "but my father says our village is full of twin brothers, and perhaps you're like one of them."

"Name them," he said.

"The first is called The Sneer-at-Everything-That's-Close Brother."

"That's enough! That fits me!" cried the Objector. After a minute of silence he asked softly, "What's the other?"

"The Praise-Everything-That's-Far-Away Brother," was Gretchen's answer.

"I told you so!" cried the Transformer, before she could add that she did n't know any. "What is the one thing in the world that people could not live without?" he said.



WILLIE PUTS THE PAINT ON THE MOON.

The king seemed rather mortified, and they waited awhile in silence.

"Where is the chorus?" whispered Gretchen to the Poet. "I have n't seen them for a long time."

"Hush!" he replied. "They are in disgrace — they all laughed at one of the queen's pathetic stories."

The Objector suddenly appeared, looking rather self-conscious.

"Your final task is this," said the king. "The Objector will ask you one question, which you must answer, and in the answer the difficulty lies; for it need not be the correct one, but it must be the one that he thinks is correct."

"I'll fail!" cried Gretchen, miserably.

The Objector rose.

"I have taken a great fancy to this little girl," he said, "and will ask her an easy question to which there is but one answer." He leaned over the table and looked kindly at her.

Gretchen felt the ground giving way from under her. "Oh, dear!" she wailed, "I wish he had asked me a hard one." She rose dizzily to her feet, grasped the back of her chair with one hand, and placing the other over her heart, unconsciously pressed the card the Transformer had given her on the train.

"Hope!" she cried.

"Right!" said the Objector.

"Hurrah!" yelled the crowd.

On their way back to the hotel Gretchen stopped at the treasury, as the king had given her an order for the jewels. Leonardo said that it did n't open till three o'clock, so people would n't have too much time to draw out their money. They found quite a crowd of fairies waiting at the front door. This door was made of iron, and had a combination lock like a safe. An old fairy was turning the knob of the lock. He would twist it round a few

times, then run his fingers through his hair and say "Pshaw!" Then he would twist it a few more times, then stop and look through all his pockets.

"What is the matter?" Leonardo asked one of the fairies.

"That 's the treasurer, and he 's forgotten the combination of the lock. He forgets it every day."

"I should think he would write it down."



"THAT 'S THE TREASURER, AND HE 'S FORGOTTEN THE COMBINATION OF THE LOCK."

"He does — writes it on a card; but he always loses the card."

"How long has he been treasurer?" asked Gretchen.

"This week."

"I 'm glad I did n't get here next week," she said. "There 'll be nothing left."

The treasurer found the card and opened the door. Gretchen followed the crowd in, and presented her order.

"Would you like them plain or mixed?" he asked.

"She would like plain, four-carat, first-water diamonds," said Leonardo, who was far from dull; and it was owing to his shrewdness that Gretchen secured a fortune, for she was about to say "Mixed."

That evening there was to be a festival in the palace grounds, to celebrate the decoration of the moon, and the king said he would make the occasion memorable by forbidding the Poet to recite any of his verses.

The grounds were dark when Gretchen, Leonardo, and Snip arrived, and they found the fairies gathered in a grove.

"We are waiting for the light from the moon, as it will be full to-night," said the king. "This is a great event in history, being probably the only occasion on which a new moon is a full moon. You are going home to-morrow, I suppose. We have a pleasant surprise for you. The queen, myself, and the entire court are to escort you to the end of the railroad. We need a change of air, I especially. My health is very important. It is terrible to think that if anything happened to me there would be no one in the kingdom who could fill my place," he added modestly.

"Have you heard about the Transformer?" asked the Poet. "He got the bicycle craze, and changed a bird-cage into a bicycle. Though he 's only an old beginner, he started to ride home from the moon to-day, after we had left. Well, he had n't gone far before he was captured by a band of robbers, and they refused to release him until he had changed every one of them into a giant as big as Willie."

"What!" shrieked the king, his hair rising from his head and lifting his crown with it.

"But he got even with them," said the Poet. "He scorched home and changed them all into school-boys only a foot high."

"Good!" cried the king.

All attention was turned to the moon, which rose slowly, looking very bright in its new coat of paint. But as it rose higher they saw some black marks on it.

"What are those?" cried the king. "Get a telescope."

A telescope was brought, and the king took a long look and seemed speechless. Gretchen was overcome with curiosity. She grasped the telescope, and she saw printed in black letters on the moon:

AFTER TO-NIGHT THE OBJECTOR
WISHES TO BE KNOWN AS
THE PROMOTER OF CHEERFULNESS.

CHAPTER X.

GRETCHEN LEAVES FAIRYLAND.

THE next day was Gretchen's last in fairyland. In the morning she went with Willie to call on the Transformer. They found him cleaning his bicycle.

"Do you know what a cyclometer is?" he asked.

"Yes," said Gretchen, "and I will send you a gold one. Had it not been for your card I should have failed."

"What question did they ask you?"

Gretchen told him.

"That is n't a hard one. How do you lower this handle-bar?"

Gretchen showed him.

"Willie can't get through the tunnel."

"Of course not: he will have to be reduced again."

"I'm getting dizzy from being changed so much. You'll fix me up again when



we get outside, though, won't you?" said the giant, anxiously.

The magician said that he had to stay at home that day, but he would remember to restore Willie in the afternoon, and promptly reduced him to a little watch-maker.

"Where is the Discontented Dozen?" asked Gretchen.

"Changed 'em into school-teachers and sent 'em to the robbers."

Gretchen thanked the Transformer, said good-by, and went to the castle. There she found the king, the queen, and the members of the court assembled in the garden.

"Any questions to-day?" asked the king.

"Why is it that you can afford to give me so many jewels, when the army is behind in its pay?" she said.

"They like to be behind. They can sign orders on the treasurer, and it's just like writing money. You won't mind if I ask you a question?"

"Not at all," Gretchen said politely.

"What do you think our principal faults are?" asked the king.

"In the first place," said Gretchen, "I think you are too positive. If I should inquire, 'What had I better eat?' you would probably reply, 'There is only one answer to that—apple-tarts.' It does n't seem to occur

to you that nearly always there can be several answers to the same question."

"That's a good point," said the king. "What's next?"

"You think too much. You are like a ship with a rudder twice as large as itself."

"I have some verses about that very subject!" cried the Poet, extracting them from his pocket, and he read the following:



THE KING READS THE LETTERS ON THE MOON.

"THE CRUEL FATE OF TOMMY FINK.

"There was a little gentleman whose name was Tommy Fink,

Who was in trouble usually, because he would n't think.

When riding on his wheel he'd always look the other way,

And on account of this there'd be large damages to pay.

A ladder fell upon his head,
He was run over by a sled,
A roof on which he jumped gave way,
And other troubles came, they say,
Because he would n't think.

"His teacher said to him one day: 'Now, look you, Tommy Fink;

Some day you 'll die a sudden death unless you stop to think.

When you are playing on the street, why don't you use your eyes?

When you're about to do a thing, consider if it's wise.

You 'll find the exercise of brain
Will save you from much needless pain;
So let your better judgment prove
The wisdom of each future move,
And always stop to think.'

"Once, strolling by the riverside, this little Tommy Fink

Discovered there a fallen tree that stretched from brink to brink.

At first he thought he'd cross the stream by walking on this tree,

But second thoughts convinced him that the bridge would safer be.

The while he exercised his mind
A fierce old bull rushed up behind,
And tossed poor Tommy from the ground
Into the flood. He almost drowned
Because he stopped to think!"

"That was simply a case of 'hard luck,' said the king.

"You see," said Gretchen, "you should n't think too much or too little, but just the right amount at the right time."

She had heard her father say this, and he had used his brain to such advantage that he was a very successful wood-chopper.

"How is the Objector getting along in his new office?" she asked.

"He's sick abed," said the king. "A nurse is with him now."

"Dear me!" said Gretchen. "I must go to see him!" And arranging to meet the royal party at the railway station, she started for the Objector's house.

The nurse met her at the door, said her patient had arisen, and showed Gretchen into the library, where she found the Objector, clad in a dressing-gown, sitting in an easy-chair.

"Who sent that nurse



"'I DON'T THINK I CARE MUCH FOR THIS NEW OFFICE,' HE SAID."

here?" he demanded fiercely. "I only got out of bed so that she would take the hint and go."

"What is the matter with you?" asked Gretchen.

"Palpitation of the heart," he answered. "It came on in this way. This morning, when I started out, I thought I would begin practising my new office. The first person I called on was an old friend of mine, a dentist who has a very bad disposition. 'Here,' said I, 'you want to be more cheerful.'

"'No, I don't,' said he. 'I ought to be, but I don't want to be.'

"I insisted, and he got angry, and the more I insisted the angrier he got, till finally he turned a stream of laughing-gas on me and gave me an attack of palpitation of the heart." The

Objector looked gloomily at one of his carpet slippers. "I don't think I care much for this new office," he said.

Gretchen had a long talk with him, and when she went away, taking the nurse with her, he was in a more cheerful mood.

She wished to exchange one of her diamonds for money in order to pay her bills, and Leonardo suggested that she go to a pawnbroker.

"This is a first-water diamond," said the pawnbroker, when she offered him one. "I can't take it."

"Why not?" Gretchen asked.

"My customers always look for flaws and tints in them, and they would be disappointed if they did n't find any."

"Diamonds are rarer on earth than they are here," said Leonardo. "Why don't you let the captain of the guard pay your bills, as he offered to do, exchange your jewels on earth, and pay him back there?"

Leonardo, as I said before, was very shrewd, and would have been a millionaire had he lived anywhere but in a cave with a lot of gnomes. As it was, he owned the cave.

"I will let him pay the bills," said Gretchen, "but I will give him one of these four-carat diamonds in return. That will be a nice present."

"That's a good plan," said Leonardo, "but it is n't business."

They drove to the hotel, and when Gretchen said good-by to the landlord she managed to slip the pearl check into his pocket without his knowing it. They said farewell to the little lambs, who breathed a loud sigh of relief as Snip disappeared.

At the station they found the royal party and many others waiting to say good-by. Among them was the freshman in magic, who was now able to change a folding-bed into a bale of hay. The chorus was there too, and yelled "Hurrah!" because some one had told them to. Gretchen almost cried when she said good-by to the cab-driver and the grasshopper. They were to have a special train, so it was not necessary to change Snip into a satchel again.

"Give this train an easy push," said the king, "as I wish to have an opportunity to see the scenery"; and away they went.

VOL. XXIX.—43-44.

Gretchen was sitting next to the Poet. "How is your brother Fred getting along?" she asked.

"Not at all well," he replied. "Yesterday he went into a shoe-shop near our house, that is kept by a friend of the Objector, and asked if they had any low men's shoes, and the shoemaker nearly killed brother Fred for insinuating that he kept such things."

"How unfortunate! Yours must be a very interesting family, though — all so literary."

"I don't know about that. My father was an author, but he was a most disagreeable man about the house. He lived when eating was in fashion in fairyland, and he never really forgave my mother for not liking the insides of breakfast-rolls — he liked the crusts."

Presently the conductor came through the car.

"Have you had any tickets lately?" Gretchen asked.

"Yes — one; it was a half-rate, though."

At this moment the sounds of an angry discussion fell on their ears. Willie and the Promoter were having an argument as to whether enormous giants or small fairies had the better dispositions, and had almost come to blows.

"Oh, if I was a giant again I'd show you!" said Willie, doubling up his little fist. As if in answer to his wish, he suddenly began to grow.

"What's the matter?" cried the king.

"I'm growing up again," said Willie, in a half-changed voice.

"Stop the train! Get off quickly!" yelled the king; and he was none too soon, for as Willie went out of the car he had to hold his head down to keep it from bumping the ceiling.

Fortunately they were in a high part of the tunnel, that had a shaft to let in light, and the king yelled to Willie to stand under this, which he did, and instantly shot up so high that his body filled the shaft, while his legs and feet blocked the tunnel.

"I never saw such a fellow as that!" said the king, disgustedly. "He is always getting small when he ought to be big, and big when he ought to be small. Who is that running down the tunnel? Why, I believe that it's the Promoter! Come back; he won't hurt you. Willie's jammed in so tight he can't move."

"I suppose the Transformer's watch must be fast," said Gretchen.

"I fixed it," groaned Willie.

"What shall we do?" asked the queen.

"Let us go back to the mines and get some dynamite," said the king.

"That will never do!" cried Gretchen.

"Then we will bring some miners with picks, and they can pick him out," said the king.

So they walked back to a place where a number of houses were clustered around another shaft, which was very dark.

"This is a diamond-mine," said the king. "The reason diamonds are so hard to get on earth is that they dig down for them; but here we dig up, which is much easier. I don't think we ought to take you in," he added.

"The idea!" Gretchen answered indignantly. "I would n't go into your old mine now if you asked me to."

They did n't ask her, so she waited, and the king soon returned with a number of rough-looking fairies who carried pickaxes.

These fairies climbed up on Willie, clinging to his pockets and buttons, knocked off pieces of the rock with their picks, and soon made a hole through which he could get his arms. Resting his elbows on the upper earth, Willie wriggled through the shaft, and the ground trembled as he hurried down the surface of the mountain.

"I'm glad he's gone," said the king. "He is a nice fellow, but too changeable."

The debris was cleared from the track. They entered the train, and soon arrived at the outer end of the tunnel.

Gretchen felt very glad when she saw the light of an all-day sun, and the fairies gazed with awe at the beautiful valley, which some of them had not seen for hundreds of years. One member of the party rushed rapturously among the trees, bushes, and rocks, his body quivering with ecstasy as he sniffed at each object; this was Snip.

"What is that which passes the village so

quickly?" asked the king. It was a car covered with flags and loaded with cheering people.

"There's no engine!" cried Gretchen.

"They must be celebrating the opening of the electric railway, and that's the first car over the line."

"Electricity!" shrieked the fairies, wildly.

"There's the Modern Spirit in front!" cried the queen. "Run! Run for your lives!" They all rushed into the cave.

Gretchen watched them until the last fairy disappeared.

Then she turned and, with Snip capering in front, slowly descended the mountain.



OUR QUEER LANGUAGE.

BY EDWIN L. SABIN.

WHEN the English tongue we speak
Why is "break" not rhymed with "freak"?
Will you tell me why it 's true
We say "sew," but likewise "few";
And the maker of a verse
Cannot cap his "horse" with "worse"?
"Beard" sounds not the same as "heard";
"Cord" is different from "word";
"Cow" is cow, but "low" is *low*;
"Shoe" is never rhymed with "foe."
Think of "hose" and "dose" and "lose";
And of "goose"—and yet of "choose."
Think of "comb" and "tomb" and "bomb";
"Doll" and "roll"; and "home" and "some."
And since "pay" is rhymed with "say,"
Why not "paid" with "said," I pray?
We have "blood" and "food" and "good";
"Mould" is not pronounced like "could."
Wherefore "done," but "gone" and "lone"?
Is there any reason known?
And, in short, it seems to me
Sounds and letters disagree.

TWELFTH-NIGHT FROLICS IN RUSSIA.

BY P. K. KONDACHEFF.

IN one of the back numbers of ST. NICHOLAS there appeared an article describing the way American children in the Southern States seek to know the future by means of different kinds of flowers, plants, etc.

It might perhaps interest the readers of this magazine to hear something about "fate-reading" in Russia, this snowy land still so full of Eastern lore, customs, and traditions. Of course it is, nowadays, a pastime and an amusement indulged in chiefly during the Christmas holidays, and more for the fun of the thing than from any belief in the truth of the prophecy.

There are a good many ways of looking into

the book of fate, and I will here give a short description of the two that are most in favor among young folks. New Year's Eve and Twelfth Night are considered the best occasions of the year for these amusing experiments.

Whenever a number of young people come together during this time of the year, whether it be for dancing, playing games, or just spending a pleasant evening together, some one of the party is sure to propose "fate-reading," or "gadat," as it is called in Russian.

Seeking to know beforehand the name of one's future sweetheart is a very amusing experiment, and there are two methods of going to work.

The first is managed thus: A sheet of paper is cut up into strips about four and a half inches long, on every one of which a name is written. A big basin is half filled with water,

tain in "what direction lies your fate"—that is, from which point of the compass you are to expect it. The answer is obtained in the following way: You step outdoors and throw your slipper high into the air; then, the quarter to which the toe points when it alights is that whence will come the person who is to influence your future.

Here is a true story I was once told, showing that once upon a time this prophecy actually came true.

It happened somewhere in the country, many, many years ago, in the "good old days," when there were no railroads, and people traveled about mostly in their own sledges or carriages drawn by post-horses, or, if the distance was not too great, by their own "troika"—a Russian sleigh drawn by a team of three horses.

The heroine of my story was at that time a young girl still in the school-room, greatly troubled with lessons, governesses, and dancing-masters, and becoming rather tired of her quiet life in the country. So, one fine evening, just before going to bed, she thought she would like to cast one look into the future and see from what direction she was to expect her fate. She stepped out accordingly upon the terrace, and—whiz!—her slipper went skimming through the cold night air! But what was her discomfiture when she saw it fly over the high fence and into the road beyond! Here was a predicament!

She could not possibly follow and seek it in the deep snow, her feet clad in silk stockings, and only one slipper for them both! She did not like sending out the servants, who were all at supper, and it did not seem worth while to put on thick boots and begin a regular search so late at night. "This comes of being too curious," she soliloquized, as she limped to her own room. "Well, never mind; I dare say I'll



"THAT IS WHY I HAVE KEPT THE SLIPPER ALL THROUGH THESE PAST TEN YEARS."

and by wetting one end of the strips of paper these are made to adhere to the rim of the basin all round, the dry ends pointing horizontally toward the center. A nutshell containing a bit of lighted wax taper is then set afloat by one of the party, the water having previously been slightly disturbed with the fingers so as to give it a rotary movement. Sometimes the skiff will pass by many names without harm, or again, it may stay a pretty long while before one without igniting it; but the name set fire to is believed to be that of the person who is to play a prominent part in one's future life.

The next question of importance is to ascer-

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find my slipper safe and sound to-morrow morning." But her search next day proved vain; fresh snow had fallen during the night, and the lost slipper, she thought, was probably buried deep beneath the soft white covering.

Several years passed. Her parents moved to Moscow, where, in the course of time, she married an officer in the Emperor's guards. In her husband's study, on the mantel-shelf, she often noticed, among other knick-knacks, a girl's dainty but faded satin slipper. It certainly seemed familiar to her, but though she often wondered about it, she never could remember where and when she had seen just such a shoe as that. At last her curiosity grew to such a pitch—the old slipper was always half-reminding her of something, she knew not exactly what—that she decided to question her husband about it.

"It is an old story," he answered, "and happened many years ago. I was then a young fellow, just beginning life, and traveling post-haste to join my regiment. Happening to pass through a village one evening, at a great speed (my horses being fresh and in high spirits), I suddenly felt a stinging blow on the cheek; I heard an exclamation from the other side of a fence—and something dropped into the sleigh. The 'something' proved to be a satin slipper, and as I took it up, my cheek tingling with pain, I own that I felt very angry and indignant at this unexpected assault.

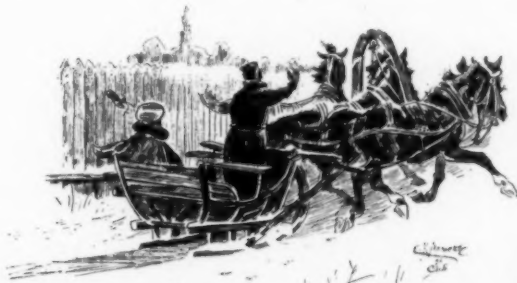
"Then I remembered it was Twelfth Night; I remembered, too, the ancient custom, and by that time my wrath had calmed down. I even thought of turning back and delivering the weapon into the fair hands that had, unintentionally,

dealt the blow; but on looking round, I perceived that the village, 'Krasnoe' I think it was called, was far behind us, and I, still holding the slipper in my hand, was being carried along over the snowy steppes at full speed.

"I have never since been in that part of the country, nor have I any idea whose feet once tripped about gaily in this old thing; but I came to have a tender feeling for it. I was sorry for the girl who had surely been looking for it and probably wondered about its mysterious disappearance, and as time rolled on I somehow came to associate it with my early youth and all its golden dreams; that is why I have kept it all through these past ten years. You are not jealous, dear, are you?" he added, smiling.

"Jealous!—of my own old slipper?" she cried. "This is fun! Why, it is mine, mine, mine!" and she clapped her hands and laughed a joyous, ringing laugh. "You said the village was Krasnoe, on Twelfth Night, and just ten years ago? Why, it *must* be mine! From the very first I thought it looked familiar and like an old friend! Ten years ago! I was fifteen then, and, oh, so tired of lessons, lessons, lessons, and snow, snow, snow, all day long, with nobody of my age near, and the winter evenings so lonely and dull that one evening I decided to try the old experiment, and see whether there was any hope of a change for me. And it has come true! for did n't it strike you on the cheek? Poor old cheek!" and she patted it tenderly.

So you see "fate-reading" for that once, so far as I know, did come true, and though nobody believes in it, it is still indulged in as a pleasant after-dinner pastime during the winter evenings.



"OLD STRATEGY."

BY L. J. BATES.



"THE THREE LION-DOGS CAME RACING, AND LEAPED JOYOUSLY ABOUT THE HORSE." (SEE PAGE 346.)

THERE was a time when the American mountain-lion was one of the most formidable animals in the world. The cat is the masterpiece of nature; and the mountain-lion was one of the most terribly armed and powerful of the cat family. It was a compact mass of hard and tough muscle and gristle, with bones of iron, strong jaws, sharp teeth, and claws like steel penknife-blades. It was prodigiously strong, lithe, and quick, covered with a mail-coat of

loose skin that was as tough as leather. It had the temper of a demon, and was insatiably bloodthirsty. Withal, it had the proverbial nine lives of the cat tribe.

Against such an animal it was hopeless to match dogs. It was said, in the school-books of forty years ago, that "three British mastiffs can pull down a full-grown Asiatic lion." Perhaps they could; but they would have been sorry if they had tackled a full-grown American

mountain-lion of that time. He was not to be "pulled down" by anything; and if he had been "pulled down," that was exactly the position in which he fought best. With his back protected by the earth, and all four fearfully armed paws flying free, aided by his terrible teeth, and a body so strong that it could not be held in any position — well, when he was "down" was the time that he was most "up."

He once was found in all the Rocky Mountain regions, from the jaguar-haunted tropical forests of the extreme South to the home of the Northern winter blizzard; but he attained his greatest size and ferocity on the subtropical plateau of northern Mexico, New Mexico, and Arizona.

These animals are no longer what they were. The tourist or hunter of to-day cannot hope to find any of the old-time power or ferocity; and he will mistake if he judges them by their present degenerate kind. The advent of the white hunter, armed with rifle and revolver, fearless of anything mortal, and waging incessant, merciless war upon all wild beasts, has slaughtered all their hugest champions, and has cowed their savage courage, until now they slink away in unresisting panic, and are afraid even of the dogs that lead their pursuer to his prey. Animals certainly do communicate ideas, and they have trained all their children to abject fear of the invincible monarch, man.

After the early pioneer days of lone settlers and small flocks had passed, certain rich men of the West began to establish large sheep-ranches in carefully selected locations. Where the first settlers reared only the hardiest coarse-wooled sheep, were now produced the finest long-wool merino fleeces of the world. These improved sheep are greatly more delicate and defenseless than their predecessors, and have to be more carefully tended and defended against wild beasts.

Among the early sheep-masters of note the firm of Wigglesworth & Swayne started a chain of ranches, each stocked with from three hundred to one thousand improved sheep, in charge of bold and trusty young men, with horses, arms, dogs, traps, poisons, and provisions.

Each ranch had its big corral in which the sheep were yarded at night, overlooked by a

platform fifteen or twenty feet high, upon which a watchman slept, fully armed, while the sheep- and wolf-dogs were kept below, and the horses near by.

Mountain-lions soon became the most dreaded enemies of these great flocks of sheep. They congregated about the ranches from far distances. They would not touch poisoned carrion. They never meddled with traps. They hunted stragglers from the flocks by day, and at night they leaped into the corral, where, with bloodthirsty ferocity, they would kill many sheep in a few minutes, preferring to kill a number rather than to stop and satisfy their hunger with one or two. They also pounced upon stray dogs, and tore to pieces the dogs that attacked them.

Wigglesworth & Swayne made costly experiments to procure lion-hunting dogs. Their agents ransacked all Europe and America for breeds of dogs capable of coping with the mountain-lions. After many difficulties they secured, out of thirty, three dogs of great size and strength, fair scent, indomitable fierceness, lithe quickness, and intelligent cunning. These three tall dogs could, combined, kill a mountain-lion. They were extraordinarily cunning in attack and defense, were singularly powerful, and "fought together" with wonderful fidelity to one another. They did it by worrying the enemy with incessant feints, skirmishes, and surprises, avoiding a grapple until the great cat had wasted its strength and spent its quickness in vain efforts. All these dogs needed was to be let alone, therefore; interference only distracted them.

Storms are rare in that region; but, one afternoon, the setting sun was obscured by streaky clouds that streamed over the crests of the distant hills, a dash of slanting rain fell, and the winds raved, threatening a wild night. When the storm first began to show itself, men and dogs hurriedly collected their scattered flocks and drove them to the big corral, where Dick Bryant, head man of the ranch, rapidly counted them in. Two were missing—a large wether and a ewe with a clipped ear.

"Hi, Woolwit!" cried Jeff Sillsby to Frank Swayne, a boy of fifteen years, nephew of one of the proprietors, sent to the ranch to learn that part of the business, "they were in the

bunch of thirteen that you let stray into the gulch. Did you count them?"

"No," answered the crestfallen lad; "I was looking at the clouds flying over the top of the divide. But I was sure I drove them all back."

"Did n't take your dog, either. Now I s'pose one of us will have to ride a mile and back through the rain; and it's likely wolves or lions have snapped 'em afore this. Here, 'Fan'!" he called to a sheep-dog, as he prepared to mount his mustang.

"Let me go for them," said Frank. "I lost them, and I know where to look."

"Right, boy; it's your job," said Dick Bryant.

eleven sheep out of the gulch," said Sid Bailey.

"See, boy," said Dick Bryant, "these men had their own flocks to look after, yet they saw yours closer than you did. Take Fan with you."

By this time Frank had mounted. He dashed away, racing to escape further reproach. Hardly had he gone when Bailey shouted after him:

"Hi! hold up! Here's your rifle."

But Frank only heard a confused shout through the wind and rain, and rode on without looking back, dreading further mortification.

"Forgot his revolver, too, the little rattle-brain!" said Sid, lifting the rifle that Frank had



"THE GREAT CAT FACED HIS FOES FIERCELY, CROUCHING ABOVE THE SLAIN SHEEP." (SEE PAGE 346.)

"Remember, after this, always to count your sheep—and keep them counted all day. You will never do for a sheep-herder until you can overlook a thousand sheep all day, and know in an instant if one is gone. And you had only fifty to look after. You were right to look at the clouds, but wrong to look off your sheep. Always see all your sheep with one eye, and don't miss seeing anything else with the other eye. You can't get to the top of any business unless you keep your whole mind right on it."

"I was a quarter of a mile away, but I saw you let thirteen sheep stray into the gulch," said Jeff Silsby.

"I was half a mile off, but I saw you drive

left leaning against the corral with his revolver-belt hanging to it. "Cap" (to Bryant), "had n't one of us better ride after him? Maybe he'll get into some scrape."

"No-o," said Bryant, hesitating. "Loose the lion-dogs; they saw him ride off and are whining to go."

The three powerful and fierce dogs uttered deep-toned bays of impatience while being released. Then, delighted to be free, they raced after the vanishing horse, when a fresh slant of gusty rain shut them from view and forced the men to shelter.

It was a severe rule of the ranch that nobody should stir unarmed. The men buckled on



"FRANK SAT IN HIS SADDLE AND WATCHED THE FIGHT, UNABLE TO ASSIST, TOO FASCINATED TO FLY."

loaded revolvers when they waked in the morning, and wore them till they lay down at night. They slept with all their arms within hand-reach. No one went out, even so near as to take a lazy pipe-stroll around to the corral, without carrying his rifle. Certainly nobody ever mounted and rode off unless fully armed. Habit made this easy second nature to the men. But to lug a heavy rifle all day, with no use for

it, soon became tiresome to Frank, and the weight of his belt, with revolver and cartridges, irked him. He had not yet seen the necessity for such strict discipline, because one might possibly go a whole year at the ranch, and never really need either rifle or revolver; but when one did need it, his need was apt to be instant and fearful.

The shamed and half-angry boy urged his

mettled mustang against the hard-beating rain and wind so fast that Fan toiled panting after them. Thus his impatient temper broke discipline again; for it was ranch rule never to blow your horse, because you might suddenly need him, and need all there was of him. Presently he reached the gulch. Here the trained mustang, aware that danger often lurked in such places, stopped his racing gallop and advanced cautiously up the narrowing pass. Fan suddenly faced back, growling, then barked a note of welcome. The three lion-dogs came racing, and leaped joyously about the horse. Fan ran ahead, and soon announced that she had found the missing sheep. With some difficulty she routed them out of the snug shelter they had found in a thicket at the foot of a cliff, and started them reluctantly homeward, followed by Frank on his horse, and the three great hounds.

The rain had now ceased for a time. Broken clouds showed patches of a clear sky, but threatened the gathering of further storms. A darkening ocean of dust spread fast from the mountains over the dimming prairie.

The sheep were turning the last low rock at the entrance of the gulch, when a great dark shape flew out with a dreadful cry, and instantly one sheep was dashed to the earth with a broken neck, and the other was in the jaws of a huge mountain-lion. Poor Fan retreated for safety to the feet of the horse, but faced the danger, growling, half in terror, half braced to duty.

Frank, accompanied by the three great hounds, did not hesitate to charge this formidable and sudden enemy. But the effect was not what he expected. Instead of bounding away, the great cat, looming larger and more terrible the nearer he approached, faced his foes fiercely, crouching above the slain sheep, ready to spring, and yelling screams of demoniac ferocity. The mustang stopped and roared, then stood snorting and trembling, and could not be forced nearer. The great dogs rushed on. And Frank sat in his saddle and watched the fight, unable to assist, too fascinated to fly.

Now he realized the imprudence of leaving his arms, and repented his boyish folly in despising discipline founded upon experience.

"Old Strategy" was the leader of the three

great dogs. His wise brain did the planning for all, and never did soldiers obey a chief with more careful attention to signals of command than the other two great dogs gave to him. He was the fleetest of the three. "Reserve," who ran in the rear, and always waited the proper time to leap and seize, was the most powerful. "Skirmish," the lightest of the trio, made it his business to distract the quarry by flashing feigned and real attacks all over him, here, there, and everywhere, to provoke openings for the other two.

Just as the battle began, the clouds opened wide, and the brightening moon shed a distant glimmer over the scene through the mist that rose from the wet grass, disclosing the huge mountain-lion standing over his prey, with flattened ears, snarling face, teeth gleaming, claws widely spread, mad with hate, menacing the dogs.

And now Old Strategy, warily observant, crept, growling, directly in front of the angry lion, tempting and taunting him to spring. Nearer—a little nearer yet. Several times the lion seemed about to leap, judging by his lashing tail and settling haunches; but Skirmish distracted him with a sudden feint, or Reserve threatened his flank. When each dog had a good position, Old Strategy provoked a leap by a sudden movement. The lion sprang, body, limbs, and claws spread to strike. But Old Strategy was n't there when he alighted; and the lion did not alight where he aimed; for the moment he leaped Reserve and Skirmish dashed in and caught him in the air, one on his flank, one by a hind knee-joint, and held back with such force that all three rolled along the grass.

Before the lion could retaliate, all three dogs were once more out of reach, to repeat their provoking tactics.

For half an hour this furious battle was continued. Leap, charge, rush, or strike as he would, the worried lion could not bring his treacherous assailants to a close. But for a few insignificant scratches, the dogs were unhurt, but the lion showed many marks of the conflict. The dogs gave him no rest from their incessant attacks. Occasionally one of the dogs would lie down, panting, and rest himself, while the other two kept the game going; but their

adversary was not permitted a moment's breathing-time.

Gradually the tormented night-prowler grew weary and faint. His own fury helped the dogs to exhaust him; for each effort he made increased his rage, until he became a veritable demon of frenzied hate, and spent in useless screams the breath that he needed for battle. As his powers diminished those of the dogs increased. Their rushing, leaping grips were more confident, more frequent, and more effective.

A little later brave Skirmish made such a prodigious feint, in obedience to some secret sign from Old Strategy, that the lion whirled to strike at him. This gave Old Strategy his chance. He fastened the first grip upon the throat of the great cat, keeping his own body behind and partly under the head of his foe, while Skirmish dragged at a hind leg, and Reserve put all his weight and force into a grip over the loin, stretching their enemy helpless for a moment—but only for a moment. As soon as the great cat could muster his tired strength, he drew his powerful body into a curve, and thrust at Old Strategy with his

lashing hind legs, compelling the dog to let go. But the instant Old Strategy was pushed off, the painful grip of Reserve at his loins made the lion curl down again, to strike with his fore paws, when Old Strategy pinned his throat once more from the other side.

So in five minutes more the battle was ended, and the three dogs had again proved their right to the proud distinction of being the only dogs that could kill a full-grown mountain-lion.

Frank Swayne never forgot that wild combat. What was far better, he took to heart the lesson he had received, and thereafter paid careful heed to discipline and business, much to the satisfaction of his uncle. Though he never became a great business man, nor even a noted herdsman, nature not having gifted him with the right qualities, he did become, under Dick Bryant's instructions, fairly well versed in the conduct of a sheep-ranch, and, later, reasonably successful in a business career.

Even from the dogs Frank learned something of the great value of careful training and single attention to whatever lesson one has to learn or task one has to do.



"DON'T BE 'FRAID, BABY. TOWSER WON'T LET HIM HURT YOU!"



THE CONCERT.

WITH hat and muff and parasol
We sally to the concert-hall,
To hear the great musician play

(Named Signor Tommy Folderay !)
On tissue-paper and a comb —
You ought to hear his "Home, Sweet Home!"
Virginia Gerson.

THE CHICKADEE.

THE chickadee tilts
On a sycamore bough.
In cute little kilts
The chickadee tilts;
Like a brownie on stilts,
With his sweet little *Frau*,
The chickadee tilts
On a sycamore bough.

The chickadee wears
A cunning black cap.
In all his affairs
The chickadee wears,
Without any airs,—
The dear little chap,—
The chickadee wears
A cunning black cap.

The chickadee's song
Is "Chick-a-dee-dee."
It is not very long,
The chickadee's song;
Not much for a throng,
But it satisfies me.
The chickadee's song
Is "Chick-a-dee-dee."

The chickadee nests
In the heart of a tree.
The cats are not guests
Where the chickadee nests;
No robber molests
His little tepee.
The chickadee nests
In the heart of a tree.

The chickadee stays
All the year round.
On cold winter days
The chickadee stays;
The cat-bird delays
Till daisies abound;
The chickadee stays
All the year round.

Le Roy T. Weeks.



The Girl in White

by Charles Stuart Pratt.

We saw her standing on our lawn,
One zero winter-day;
She never stirred, nor said a word,
Nor asked if she might stay.

And though it may not seem polite,—
Indeed, almost a sin,—
We never said a word to her,
Nor asked her to come in.

Her gown and cape and hat were white,
And white her feet and toes;
Her mittened hands were just as white,
And white her very nose.



She stood out there upon the lawn
All day, and all the night,
And never once lay down to sleep,
That stranger girl in white.

A dainty little maid she was,
A playmate you all know,
For she was "Jack Frost's Little Girl,"
Carved from the soft white snow.

THE STORY OF BARNABY LEE.

BY JOHN BENNETT.

(Author of "Master Skylark.")

[This story was begun in the November, 1900, number.]

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE CITY FALLS.

ALL night long above the stream and across the waves of the washing bay the lights of the British squadron waved and nodded like dizzy stars. All night long above the never-silent troubling of the waters on the shore the ship-bells rang the watches, sharp, thin, and brassy clear. All night the red windows of New Amsterdam stared through the darkness at the enemy; and in his room, until gray dawn, Peter Stuyvesant went up and down like a wild beast in a cage, and beat his fists together in despairing rage and shame.

"They dare not; they dare not!" he groaned. "But God alone knows what Englishmen will dare!"

He wrung his hands.

"Come, sit in the dust," he cried, "O ye daughters of Jerusalem! The kingdom hath departed! Come ye, and sit in the dust with me; for we prevail no more!" Yet his face was like stone, and his voice never faltered, although the ring was utterly gone out of it.

In the streets beyond the fort-walls the hubbub still went on. Now and again, in an instant's hush, the tread of the feet of the English watch upon the frigate's decks could be heard.

The Great Wain sank in the north; in the town beyond the walls the hungry cattle stirred uneasily. The window-sill of the Governor's room was beaded wet with the gathering of the mist; the candle in the gunners' quarters shone dimly beyond the inclosure; no one had turned the hour-glass—the sand lay in an unmeaning heap in the lower bowl of it. "How quickly it hath run out!" said Stuyvesant. "Ach, Gott, thy will, not mine, be done!" Throwing himself into a chair, he buried his face in his

bronzed hands, and moved no more until the pale pink light had begun to streak the east.

Then he went to the window and stared out. The town still looked mysterious; the lights had grown wan; there was a hush upon everything. "Thy will, not mine!" said the Director-General. The day broke in streaks of fire across the sea, and with it broke the iron heart of Peter Stuyvesant. He turned his face from the window: New Amsterdam had fallen.

Shortly there came a crying out that a treaty had been agreed to; that the petition of the burghers had been listened to at last; that the commissioners had already signed capitulatory articles. The Dutch were to have security in all their property; their officers were to remain the same; the town was to have its voice; the Dutch soldiers were to be conveyed to the fatherland again in the Dutch ships lying in the harbor; within two hours after eight o'clock upon the Monday coming, the fort and town were to be delivered into the hands of the English governor. And now it began to be whispered that the noble Duke of York had sent handsome new gowns for all the aldermen, a silver mace to be carried in state in magistrates' processions, and liveries of fine blue cloth, embroidered and trimmed with orange. The eyes of the worthy Dutch grew brighter as they spoke of the orange trimmings. "It is the will of God," they said.

But when the news came to the British fleet, and passed from deck to deck, that there was to be no pillage nor sacking in the city, the captain of a dingy ship which followed after the rear of the squadron like a jackal after a lion, stood up and cursed Richard Nicolls for this idiot clemency. "Am I never to have my revenge on these Dutch?" he said, with a bitter oath. "Am I ever to be balked by fools? Nay, I will square my accounts, if I

have to burn yon city to the ground!" Leaning over the rail, he shook his clenched fists at the town.

"Oh, ay," said the man beside him. "'T was so ye said afore. I begin to think that cock-sure is a rare uncertain bird."

"You 'll see!" cried the first, with a villainous oath.

"Oh, yes," said the other, brusquely, "I 'll see. That is why I carry two eyes."

CHAPTER XXXV.

JOHN KING TURNS UP.

AT nine o'clock on the morning for the surrender of New Amsterdam, a long-drawn trumpet-blast rang along the hilltop beyond the city walls. The line of soldiers in the fort began to straighten out. They were to depart with the honors of war from the little citadel.

"*Oplettenheid!*" said the captain. The drummer tapped the drum; the ensign loosed the flag on its staff and let it slowly unfurl.

In their gray old clothes, leather jackets stained with grease and rain, with faded sashes and battered caps, the little troop looked poor enough in the bright September sunshine.

The shrill bugle blew along the hills.

"*Voorwaarts!*" said the captain. The men took up their step, the drummer struck up sulkily "The Battle of Heiligerlee," and to its hollow, dispirited tone the files swung forward. At their front was Peter Stuyvesant, his head sunken on his breast.

The sunlight sparkled here and there from cap or musket-barrel; the smoke from the burning gun-matches floated among the men's faces, a thin blue haze; and more than one man's teeth were set on the bullets in his mouth. One, two; one, two, three! the drum went beating out.

An instant, as he passed the gates, Stuyvesant looked up. In the orchards on the hillside the English banners were waving. His dark eyes blazed; then the fire faded from them in one bitter gleam. He hobbled on over the threshold; his kingdom was passed away. In the graveyard the English soldiers were sitting upon the graves.

Thump, thump, thump! the drum went on,

the little column following to the ships in the canal.

Fort Amsterdam was indeed fallen.

Then again the trumpets sounded; the captains began to shout; the English banners flourished on the hilltops over the town; the corporals bellowed, the rattling drums struck up; the conquerors came marching down through the orchards into the town.

At their head rode Richard Nicolls upon a bright bay horse. He wore a new uniform of scarlet, green, and white, and with him upon white horses rode Sir Robert Carr and Colonel George Cartwright in scarlet uniforms and wigs of white horsehair. The men were in three divisions, each troop a hundred strong, musketeers and pikemen, with halberdiers at each flank. The banners held the center. They were white and red and yellow, and one was crimson and blue. They were guarded by groups of pikemen, among them harquebusiers, light-footed, light-armed, lively men, with flint-locked harquebuses.

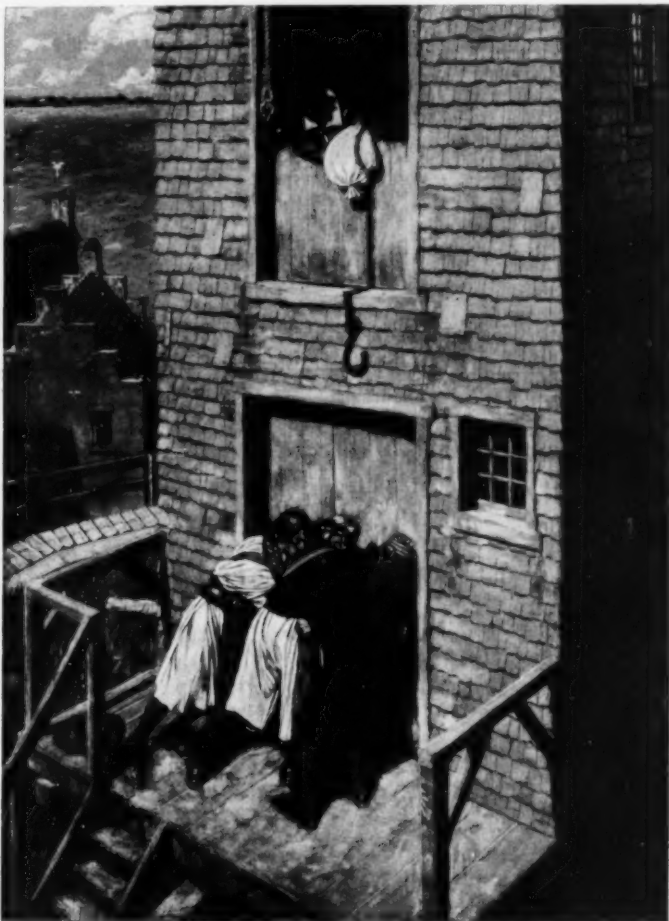
Barnaby stood on the bastion-wall, watching them march down. The long white ashén pike-staves stood up like bare branches above the heads of the musketeers, and with the movement of the troops clattered upon one another like boughs in a wood in the wind. One troop was uniformed in blue with facings of red and buff, another in green and scarlet, and the third in red and white. Some had thrust their dagger-hilts into the muzzles of their muskets, from which they stood up, long and keen, like glittering steel thorns. Others had braided wreaths from evergreens on the hillsides, and had made them fast upon their brown steel caps like a victor's laurel wreath.

They were marching four and five abreast, six companies in all, and the swaggering, brown-faced musketeers, with their heavy firelocks over their shoulders, their brown swords slapping their thighs as they marched, and with daggers at their hips, were looking around them, as they came, with cool, defiant stare, as if they were the lords of all the visible earth, and were but letting it out for hire to its various occupants.

Barnaby stood on the bastion-wall, his cheeks a trifle flushed. The sound of the feet of the

men marching began to go through his head. The clinking of swords, the officers' shouts, like a hoarse, discordant chant, the little rattle of bandoleers, the clatter of the pikes, mingling with the clang of halberds and the rumbling

"God save King Charles!" cried Barnaby, and threw up his cap into the air. His father had been a soldier, a captain of just such men. They were his own countrymen. Again he threw his cap into the air. "God save King Charles!"



"STAND OFF, BELOW, OR I'LL THROW THIS SACK OF BARLEY-MEAL UPON YE!" BARNABY CRIED.
(SEE NEXT PAGE.)

of the drums, made a sound at once so deep and strange that once heard it could not be forgotten. Tramp, tramp, tramp! came the steady feet; clang, crash! went the clanking arms. A shiver ran through Barnaby; his heart began to beat fast. He ran along the rampart. Below him the banners were blowing and tossing; the drums beat fast and faster.

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he cried. "God save the King!" It is so that the English shout, whether the King be right or wrong.

A captain paused in the roadway.

"What the dickens is this?" he asked. His corporals made no answer.

"God save King Charles!" cried Barnaby.

"Halt!" ordered the captain, hoarsely.

"Halt!" growled the corporals.

The dust among the feet of the men blew away in a little gray cloud.

"God save the King!" cried the captain, lifting his evergreened cap.

"God save the King!" cried the soldiers.

And then they all marched on.

One company stayed at the city gate, and one marched on to the Stad Huis and nailed the arms of England over the door. Fort Amsterdam they named Fort James, to honor the Duke of York; the city, too, they named for him, and all the country round. The burghers of New Amsterdam made no efficient protest. They retained their office and their trade; why should they protest? They gave a dinner-party to the Governor and his staff; they complimented their rulers, and finding them liberal men, "Ah," they said, "now we shall prosper like the cedars of Lebanon!" So they smoked their pipes and drank their schnapps, and went about their business.

But a man with a crimson handkerchief bound round his head, who was standing in the throng that filled the market-place when the English troops marched into the town, looked up with a startled exclamation, hearing Barnaby's shrill cry, and, with his hand above his eyes, peered across the sunny road. The glare was almost blinding; for a moment he stared, blinking, scarcely able to see at all. Then suddenly he caught the elbow of the man beside him.

"It's him!" he cried. "By blue, it's him!"

"It's who?" said the other. "Where?" Then he looked. "By glory, Jack Glasco, 't is he!"

Clapping his hand to the hilt of his sword, he started across the market-field at the top of his speed, with the first speaker close at his heels.

A third man standing beside them, head and shoulders above the crowd, looked after his comrades, surprised; then, seeing the boy on the bastion-wall, clear-outlined against the sky, he smote his huge red hands together.

"By hen, but they've found him!" he exclaimed. Parting the crowd before him like a flock of sheep, he darted across the market-field and rushed in at the fort-gate.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

"THE ROGUE IS MY APPRENTICE!"

ON the stage at the head of the windmill steps stood John King and Jack Glasco, beating at the door. Barnaby, flying into the mill, had shut the door behind him and whirled the heavy bar into its sockets just as the two came shouting up the stairway after him. Tom Scarlett rushed to join them, and hurried up the stair. "Open that door!" cried John King. "Do ye hear me, boy? Open that door!" But Barnaby drove the bar down and thrust in the stay-pin over it. He could feel the hot breath of the master's mate, like the blast from an oven-door, over his fingers.

"Open, I say!" cried the captain. "It will be the better for you!" The master's mate was beating at the staples with a stone. "Open the door!" he cried. Barnaby ran for the ladder that led to the storage-loft. He was shaking like an aspen, and had broken into a sweat: the unexpectedness of the pursuit had taken the courage out of him. "Open the door!" cried John King. "Open the door, I say! Open, or I'll kill ye when I get this panel in!" Barnaby felt the whole mill shake with the sailing-master's strength. He ran up the ladder to the loft; he was a little cooler now. Through the open window he saw the backs of the three at the door below. On the floor of the loft by the hoisting-tackle lay a sack of barley-meal. Catching it by the gathered throat, he dragged it to the window. "Stand off, below, or I'll throw this sack of barley-meal upon ye!" he cried. The three were straining against the door until the panels cracked; the master's mate was still pounding at the staple. The three heaved together; the oak bar cracked. "Stand off!" cried Barnaby, in despair, and threw down the sack upon them.

One hundred and twenty pounds of meal done up in a heavy sack, with twenty feet to fall, gathering momentum, is no light thing for a missile. Down rushed the barley-sack. The throat-string bursting upon the sill, out leaped a cloud of meal, and, like a fluff of powder-smoke, whirled down the side of the windmill. Still half full, the heavy sack fell fast and struck the three men squarely.

The captain of the picaroons went down on his face as if he had been struck by a maul; the master's mate was under him, with his head in the barley-sack. The puff of meal had caught Tom Scarlett fair upon head and shoulders.

Choked, and puffing the blinding dust in gusts from his hair and beard, King scrambled, coughing, to his feet, and groped about the door. "You knave," he cried, "I'll pay ye for this!" and cursing, he drew a pistol from his belt, and shook the meal from his blinded eyes as he cocked the firearm.

"But look out!" cried Scarlett. "Look out, there, John!" and he ran across the platform. "Quick, there, John; put by thy guns, sink the artillery! Put by, I say. We're done; the jig is up!"

Into the fort came the provost-guard, with the sergeant at their head.

"What means this riot," demanded the sergeant, "when quiet hath been promised to this town? Neither pillaging is countenanced, nor quarrels with the people. Desist here; surrender, and give up thine arms, and that forthwith, or I will fire upon ye."

"There's no need to fire," said Scarlett. "I surrender my arms; I am not setting up for a musketry-butt. I be fond o' this fleeting breath! Don't level your brass carronades at me; I surrender myself to the hand of the law!" And down the mill-stair he went, knocking the meal from his clothes. He had little fear of his life; the times were far too disturbed just then for deep inquiry into a man's past.

But King cried out furiously: "Although I am arrested, I have my right to my apprentice still. Take that boy in the windmill; the knave is bound to me."

"I am not," cried Barnaby, passionately. "You say what is not the truth."

"If I ever lay hands on you, you rogue," cried John King, hoarsely, "I will teach you more bitter truths than you ever knew in your life. The knave ran away from me in April," he said, turning to the sergeant, "and hath been in hiding here ever since. I call on you to seize him."

"I will seize or not seize, as I judge," said the sergeant, quietly. "I'll hale ye all to the Governor; he'll make sharp quittance of ye."

"Hale me to the Governor," exclaimed King, defiantly. "I have called on ye to seize that knave; I will not move without him. The rogue is my apprentice, and I know my rights to lay my hand to a runaway wherever I may find him."

"Naught of rights or wrongs do I ken," said the provost-sergeant, sharply. "I ken this much: ye may hold your tongue; and I commend ye to hold it tight; that's all. As to the rest, ye will see as ye will see; 't will be as the Governor pleases." Here he turned to the windmill. "Come down from the loft there, boy!" he shouted.

Barnaby leaned out. "Nay, must I come down, sir?" he asked piteously.

"Ay," said the sergeant, curtly. "Have I not said as much?"

"Ye'll not let them lay their hands on me?"

"I'll crack this spontoon over the head of the man who offers to. Come down. Be quick; I have no time to waste."

So, with a heart like lead, poor Barnaby came down from the windmill loft.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

IN THE GOVERNOR'S COURT.

A WEEK had come and gone since that day of New Amsterdam's surrender. To New Amsterdam it had been but six days of life and official stir; but to Barnaby Lee it had been an age of uncertainty and despair: for instantly upon his appearance before the Governor, John King had laid claim to Barnaby as his runaway apprentice, and had set his defense for attacking the mill in the plea that he was only seeking his own.

"The boy is my apprentice," he said. "He has been runaway since last April. I have been deprived of his services, and I demand my rights."

It was the court of Governor Nicolls, held in the Stad Huis council-chamber, which looked out upon the Perel Straat and the ships at Coenties Slip. The chamber was not a large room, but was dignified by usage for affairs of state and judgments. At the end toward the south, with his back to the bay, the Governor

sat upon a platform a little raised above the rest, with tall oak chairs, and a strong, carved desk and table for his papers. At his right were the burgomeisters, the sheriff, and the schepens, on high-backed benches of plain-carved oak, with cushions of russet leather, which on Sundays served to furnish ease to long hours in the state pews in the church. At the left the parties to the case were seated upon common benches, with uncarved backs, and cushionless. Upon one long bench were the witnesses from the crew of the Ragged Staff, as bronzed and bearded a netful of rogues and burly scalawags as ever was pinched in Pick-Thatch Lane or the purlieus of Turnbull Alley. Before them, upon a bench, alone, sat the prisoner. The captain of this crew of cut-throats, John King the picaroon, sat on a chair to which the rascal somehow lent a dignity, for, though a false and truculent scoundrel, a bully and a braggart, when put to a pinch where presence and wit might serve to carry the point, he had a certain courage of his own, and bore himself in a cool, bold way, the serene audacity of which had more than once puzzled the shrewdest.

He had arrayed himself for the occasion, with somewhat unusual and surprising good taste, in a plain but rich dark suit of plush and a handsomely embroidered waistcoat of silk. He had combed his unkempt hair, was clean-shaven, and wore the air of an adventurer or trader who made laws to suit his own fancy when out of the reach of authority, but always kept within bounds when at home, in a quasi-respectable manner. His huge, parrot-beaked nose and long, underhung jaw stamped him no common rascal. Richard Nicolls looked at him with more than common scrutiny. Himself the son of a barrister of some note, and a man of wide experience as a student of men, a courtier, a soldier, and an exile, he was not to be easily hoodwinked by the bland smile of a villain; and speaking Spanish, Dutch, and French as well as he spoke English, capable, resolute, honest, intelligent, fond of fair play, he was ready to go to the bottom of things with illuminating penetration. Above medium height, of fine, stately presence, well-bred, fair, open, soldierly face, with sparkling, deep-set gray eyes,

and a mouth that was firm but kind, he seemed the just judge, the fair advocate, the judicious seeker of facts.

King, to tell the truth frankly, bore his penetrating scrutiny unusually well, with composure without bravado, and the plain look of an honest man who, by some ill-advised blunder, has got himself into a kettle of fish and wishes himself well out of it. By times he looked at the English arms which were nailed upon the wall, by times he gazed at the Governor, and by times looked out at the window. The common stocks and the whipping-post were in plain view out of the window; but he did not long hold his glance upon them: they inspired unpleasant thoughts.

Overhead, in the cupola, the Stad Huis bell was still ringing; the long bell-rope flapped up and down through the hole in the boards below; Johannes Nevius, who had charge of the library of the law, had brought his leather-bound volumes and stacked them upon the table; the clerks were there with ink and quill; the fresh-turned hour-glass was running. "Oyes, oyes!" cried the bailiff, from his stand behind the prisoner. With a touch of the tape and the mummery which opens the lips of law, the provincial court was opened with the case of "said Complainant, who doth aver that the Prisoner is his bounden Apprentice, and herein offereth Testimony that may Substantiate said Claim."

"Sirs, your Excellency and your Honors: I respectfully submit that my name is Temperance Pyepott, of Virginia—" Thus said Captain John King, with a deep and placatory bow to Governor Richard Nicolls and the benchful of magistrates. The magistrates eloquently swelled their maroon-colored velvet breasts, set finger to ruffled waistcoat and cuff, sat up, looked wise, were gratified; but Richard Nicolls trimmed his eye under the corner of his eyelid and sailed a little closer to the captain's breeze. "I subsist by honest trading in these provinces," continued King, in the blunt, plain manner he had assumed. Now, honest traders do not declare that they are honest traders. Richard Nicolls rubbed his chin and trimmed his eye again, and laid his finger on that point. He did not like King's crafty mouth—it seemed a whit too smug; and his eye had a way of

swiftly glancing around the room and coming back to its first view-point before one had quite detected the motion. "I am a plain, hard-working mariner," said King, "and this boy is my bound apprentice. He hath served me four year as cabin-boy; he hath three year more to serve: I bring witness to attest it. He was bound to me in London-town."

"You, of course, have the indentures?"

"Indentures? Nay; I think the knave made way with them, or they have been stolen, sirs. I have been robbed of all my papers; I have been dealt with very hardly; yet I do not say that he took them."

Nicolls looked at the speaker sharply. The fellow seemed honest, nay, quite magnanimous; yet—somehow the look of that underhung jaw made the Governor eye him once more with inquisitive scrutiny.

"I fell in with his father at Hancock's, sirs, or else 't was Wynkin Bradley's, the first shop in Pope's Head Alley, in Cornhill, London-town. 'T is the sign of the Three Bibles," said King. "Sure, your Honor should know it well: it is a place of good reputation, frequented of decent men."

For the life of him, Governor Nicolls could not resist asking the question, "Were you given much to frequenting it, that it got such a reputation?"

King's eyes flashed back such an ugly gleam that the Governor's fingers tightened into a suddenly vise-like grip upon a roll of papers in them. "Mm-hm!" mused he. "My sweet Sir Sheep, you have wolf's teeth under your wool. Don't show them here, good friend, or I 'll pull them!"

Perceiving the threat in the Governor's eyes, the wily rascal changed his tack, and turned his scowl of malevolence into an obsequious calm, not altogether with success. "Your Excellency, why be sarcastical?" he asked, with an injured air. "To be sure, sir, you have the right to be, for the might makes the right of things here, and I am only a sailoring-man, a hard-working, hard-used mariner. Yet I have some rights, sirs, and I know them. This boy is my apprentice, and I have the right to have him. A man has a right to his apprentice wherever he may find him; and I have the right

also to be paid in full for all the time they have kept him from me, at the rate of a shilling and sixpence the day, for the boy is an able hand."

There was justice in his demands; this Governor Nicolls knew. Barnaby's story stood alone against the mass of testimony. There was probably not one apprentice in ten but would deny his apprenticeship if, on running away, he was dragged into court. One by one, John King's witnesses had reaffirmed King's claim. Jack Glasco, the sailing-master's mate, was the first who had testified; after him Manuel Pinto, a renegade Portuguese sailor. To the best of their knowledge and belief they had both of them testified that Barnaby had been cabin-boy on board the Ragged Staff, apprenticed to her captain by his father, a London tailor, who dwelt in a mews off Pope's Head Alley. That was all they knew further than that the knave had served but four years and so still had three years more to serve.

Both men were deep in their cups, and caused so much disturbance among the other witnesses that when they had testified under oath they were sharply dismissed from court, and ordered to their shipping under penalty of the stocks.

The testimony of all the rest was much to the same end. There were examined that day Andrew Hume, of St. Catherine's, William Ford, of Limehouse, Richard Barnard, of Hull, in York, all able mariners; and John Johnson, of St. Botolph's, Aldgate, the cook of the Ragged Staff. Not one of these had been of the crew for more than two years at most, but all avowed with alacrity, born of hot brandy and sugar, that Barnaby Lee was apprenticed to Captain Temperance Pyepott, had served four years, had three more to serve, and that his time was worth full a shilling and sixpence the day, as an able mariner's boy.

A little hush fell on the court-room while the secretaries wrote. Sick to the bottom of his heart, Barnaby looked at the Governor. Nicolls could scarce help a thrill of compassion at seeing the boy's moved face. But testimony is testimony, and there seemed no way to impeach it. Barnaby, on his little bench, felt very much alone; he had never before in all his life felt so

utterly forsaken. There was not in the room a soul that he knew. Out of the window beside him he saw the church which stood on the hills beyond Brooklyn, and the roofs of the little village lying peacefully in the sun. He heard the ship-watch singing upon the vessels in the harbor. The songs which the English sing are gay, but these Dutch were melancholy. A pinnacle had just cast anchor below the finger-post. There was a party of gentlemen in her, and a dog that was baying hoarsely. Two wherries were racing out from shore. He could hear the boatmen calling, and the gentlemen on board the pinnacle laughing and crying out to the boatmen. Then the company all embarked in the wherries, and clapping their hands, raced to the landing, and vanished behind the colony warehouse.

On the glass of the window some idler's hand had cut the arms of New Amsterdam, with beaver and star, shield and crest; nor was it badly cut. It seemed strange to the boy, in a dull, stunned way, that the fragile glass had stood in its place while an empire had fallen into the dust.

There was a noise of feet upon the council-chamber stair and much confusion in the hallway, then voices asking this and that; and then the door of the chamber opened, disclosing a cluster of gentlemen standing in the entry, staring into the court-room with curious, confident faces. There was something of inspiration in the touch of their confident air. The captain of the picaroons looked up with a scowl not one of welcome. His case was near out, he carried the day, and was irritated by interruption; at any rate, what business had any one interrupting here?

"His Excellency Charles Calvert, Governor of Maryland, the esteemed, the honorable!" said the usher.

The plaintiff looked out at the tail of his eye, and all at once a shadow seemed to fall on his confident face. Otherwise his countenance was in no wise discomposed. His mouth was firm and serene as before.

The first who entered the court-room door was the Governor of Maryland. With him were Masters Marmaduke Tilden, Thomas Nottly, Baker Brooke, Henry Sewall, his secretary, and

Master Robert Vaughan, captain of St. Mary's Band of Fusileers and Artillery. With them were also Simeon Drew, Master Cecil Langford, and some other very pretty gentlemen—a strong and handsome party.

Governor Nicolls, as soon as he became aware of who was waiting upon his court, came down from his seat to meet Master Charles Calvert, and with excellent dignity made him welcome. "Ye do my courts much honor," he said, "by attending them in person."

"Nay, sir," said Master Calvert. "We are honored by attendance. I avow that I hang my head, sir, with shame, for coming so late in response to your call for colonial assistance in reducing this port to the English crown. Border warfare of our own hath compelled our presence at St. Mary's; my hands were so full that I had none to lend."

"Don't trouble yourself on that score; we easily prevailed."

"Faith, sir, I see the evidence of it; you have turned these Dutch into English as a lady turns a glove on her hand."

Richard Nicolls smiled and shrugged his shoulders. "They turned themselves English, I trow."

"Well, I thought that my aid would prove Newcastle coals," said Governor Calvert, shortly after; "but conscience would nothing but leap and prance until I had paid you my respects. Even so I might have been derelict had not my cousin insisted. Ye remember him, Philip Calvert; you were acquainted at Brest." He turned his face with a casual air and looked around the court-room.

He was thin, and his face was a trifle pale; though a little touched with color and smoothed with soft rice-powder, there was pallor under the color. He stood with one shoulder sunk; his long, fine, glossy black hair hung down in curls upon his shoulders, tied back with a gay, bright, cherry-red ribbon, as it was on the morning when Barnaby first saw him in Maryland. His coat and breeches were blue and silver, and he had a smart cocked hat in his hand.

"That's a charming face," he said, staring at Captain John King.

The light lay fair on the picaroon's face, and he eyed the Governor of Maryland with the

bold serenity and composed demeanor that had imposed upon many as shrewd a man. His eyes for the instant stood steady; he twisted his fingers a little.

Then Calvert turned to Nicolls and laid his hand upon his arm with an odd, evading look in his eye—one had almost said it was shamefaced. He bit his lip till the blood came; then with deepest seriousness began to speak in a very low tone, and with a rapidity that almost baffled his hearer; for few could speak

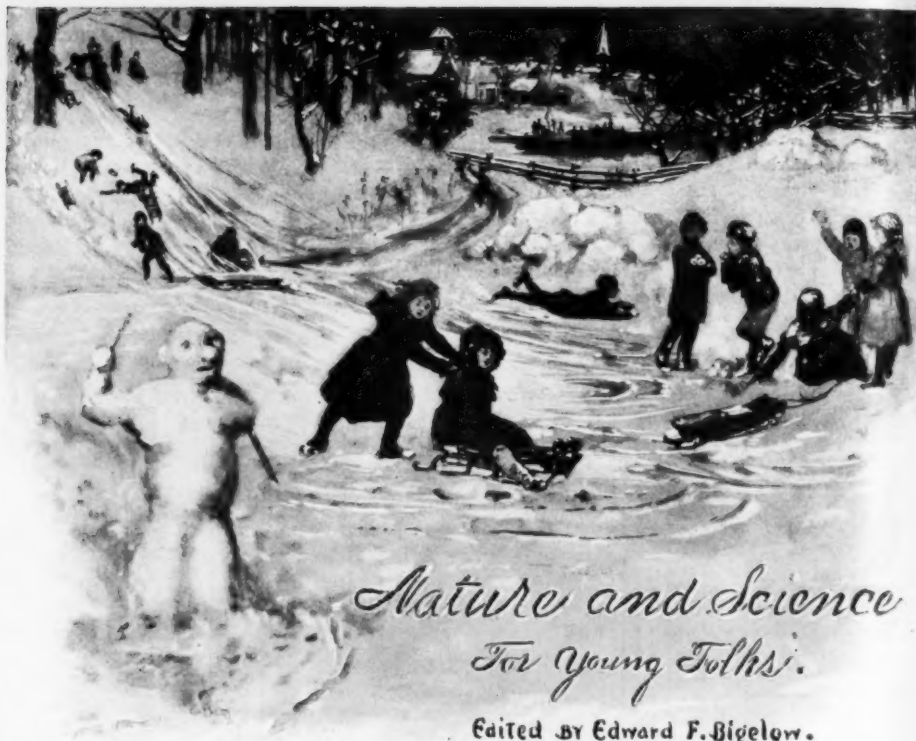
with the rapidity of the Calverts when they were in earnest, or equal the incisive directness and clarity of their language. It had a quality all its own, a luminous insistence upon the point at issue, a neglect of all the rest, convincing in its argument, persuasive in its feeling.

Nicolls started, listened, stared. "You do not say! By gad! the rogue, the dirty thief of the world!" And then, "Why, surely, here 's the case itself," said he. "Come up and manage as ye please; here 's my assurance to ye, sir!"

(To be continued.)



"WHY DOES N'T SOMEBODY BRING ME A VALENTINE?"



Nature and Science For Young Folks.

Edited BY Edward F. Bigelow.

IN SPITE OF THE COLD.

It is hard work, as well as lots of fun, to build a snow man. I was convinced of that by helping the young folks with the seven big balls of snow that they had rolled and rolled till even three large boys at one ball could n't move it over again without my help.

We piled the balls, and then modeled them with a shingle and a long-handled iron spoon to make legs, body, and head. Then we fastened on the arms, and put bits of charcoal on one side of the "head" ball to make eyes, nose, and mouth.

The thermometer said it was cold—very cold; but evidently none of us, so far as our actions

or feelings showed, agreed with the thermometer. Neither was there any suggestion of cold in the frolics of the jolly and well-clothed young folks, that I watched later from my



WHAT FUN WE RABBITS HAVE AFTER A SNOW-STORM!

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THE QUAIL ENJOY A SUNNY AND
SHELTERED RETREAT.

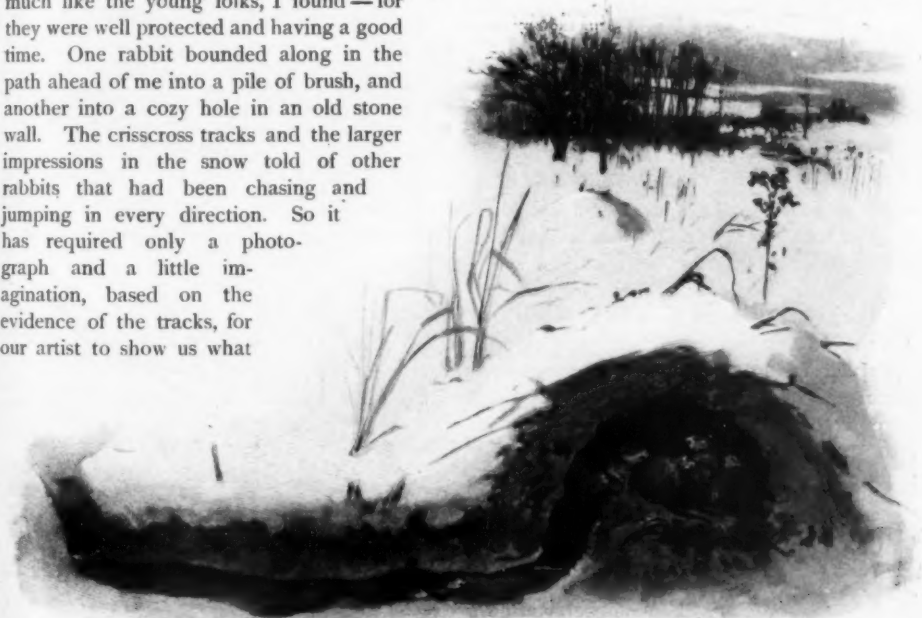
study window, in their coasting, snow-balling, and skating, on the hillside by the forest, and on the bit of very smooth ice in the "hollow," not far from my home.

So I started for the woods, to see how the four-footed animals and birds were spending their time in the February snow. Very much like the young folks, I found — for they were well protected and having a good time. One rabbit bounded along in the path ahead of me into a pile of brush, and another into a cozy hole in an old stone wall. The crisscross tracks and the larger impressions in the snow told of other rabbits that had been chasing and jumping in every direction. So it has required only a photograph and a little imagination, based on the evidence of the tracks, for our artist to show us what

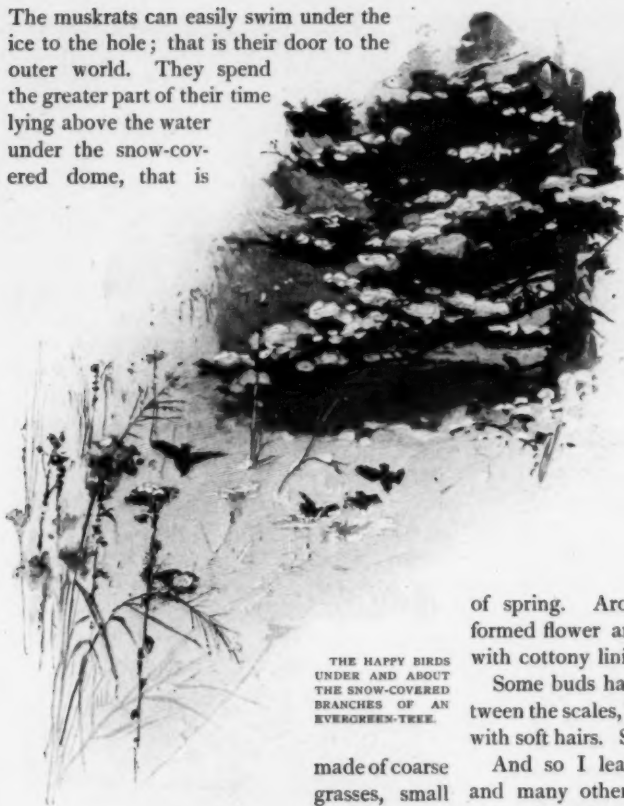
had been taking place in rabbit-land that morning.

B-r-r-r-r—and a covey of quail, in their flight from a clump of grasses and sedges, fairly made me jump. They flew across the field and floated with wings outspread, alighting a few on the wall, and others beyond on the ground among the white birches and alders. There were plenty of seeds for food on the near-by weeds. The well-trodden snow in the miniature cave under the tore and weeds, and the tracks in every direction, told of comfort and enjoyment in spite of the cold.

I crossed the field and went down through the ravine to the swamp. Only a few mounds of snow on the meadow pond, but I knew how much they meant to the musk-rats; for on two occasions I had taken a musk-rat house to pieces "to see how it was made."



The muskrats can easily swim under the ice to the hole; that is their door to the outer world. They spend the greater part of their time lying above the water under the snow-covered dome, that is



THE HAPPY BIRDS
UNDER AND ABOUT
THE SNOW-COVERED
BRANCHES OF AN
EVERGREEN-TREE.

made of coarse grasses, small branches, and bits of drift-wood or other similar material, all cemented together with mud. The top of this house is usually about two to three feet above the water. The shelf, or floor, making what we may call the "bed," is supported by sticks stuck endwise into the mud.

Farther down the ravine was a snow-covered evergreen. The lower branches and the ground were almost entirely free from snow. This formed an ideal retreat for the birds. A few that flew up from the snow, and more that rose from the ground and lower branches, told of happy times on this sunny but cold February day. In some places near by it was evident that the birds had dashed into the snow and thrown it around, just as in summer you have often seen birds throw the sand in a road.

In many other observations on that walk I

found evidences of Nature's kind care for her children. They may suffer at times, but she has provided them with fur or feathers especially warm for the winter, and with many cozy retreats. On stormy days the birds and four-footed animals keep close within doors; but they have their frolics, like the young folks, when the weather is pleasant, even if it is cold.

A lengthwise section of one of the many buds from a maple branch showed under the microscope that the flower is all complete, ready to expand and appear on the first warm days of spring. Around the miniature but well-formed flower are protecting waterproof scales with cottony linings between them.

Some buds have not only this soft lining between the scales, but the entire bud is fur-covered with soft hairs. Some others have a coat of gum.

And so I learned from these observations, and many others that may be made in February, that Mother Nature has various methods of protection for her children—all the way from the well-clothed young folks to the buds on shrubs and trees down in the swamp.



BUDS ON MAPLE TWIGS, AND A MAGNIFIED VIEW OF A VERTICAL SECTION OF ONE OF THESE BUDS, SHOWING THE COTTONY-LINED LAYERS AROUND THE FLOWER IN THE INTERIOR.

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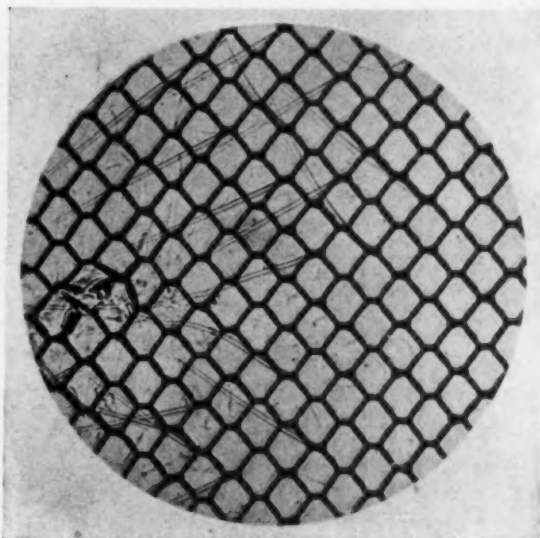
HOW INSECTS SEE.

LAST month we found out about the little whirligig-beetles so often seen even in very cold weather in an open space in brook or pond—"the sprightliest bit of life in all the winter landscape." You readily recall the illustration of the queer double set of compound eyes,—one set for seeing upward and the other downward,—for the little beetle spends much of its time darting about on the surface of the water, and must be on the lookout for enemies in the air and in the water.

"But what is a compound eye, and how do this and other insects see?"



WORKER HONEY-BEE.



THE SIX-SIDED FACETS CLEARLY SHOWN IN A GREATLY MAGNIFIED SECTION OF THE COMPOUND EYE OF A FLY THAT GREATLY RESEMBLES A HONEY-BEE.



GREATLY MAGNIFIED VIEW OF FRONT AND TOP OF HEAD OF WORKER HONEY-BEE.

(Shows the large compound eyes,—one on each side of the head,—and the three simple eyes between them on the upper part of the head.)

our thoughtful young observers probably inquired when they read the article.

Nearly all insects have one pair of compound eyes, with which our young folks are familiar as the large, bulging, glistening objects on the sides of the heads. In the dragon-fly, grasshopper, and even the common house-fly, these eyes are very conspicuous. You recognize this organ at once as an eye; but when you come to examine it with a pocket-microscope, or even very carefully without any magnifying aid, you readily see that this eye is very different from that of larger animals. The surface is divided into a large number of six-sided divisions, called facets. We see that what at first appeared to be a single eye is really an organ composed of hundreds—yes, in many cases even thousands—of eyes, and is therefore called a compound eye.



A HOUSE-FLY.

In addition to this pair of large compound eyes, there are, in many full-grown insects, simple eyes, in number from one to four, between the compound eyes. The most common number is three, so arranged that imaginary

lines connecting them would form a triangle. It is supposed by scientific people that "these simple eyes are useful in dark places and for near vision."

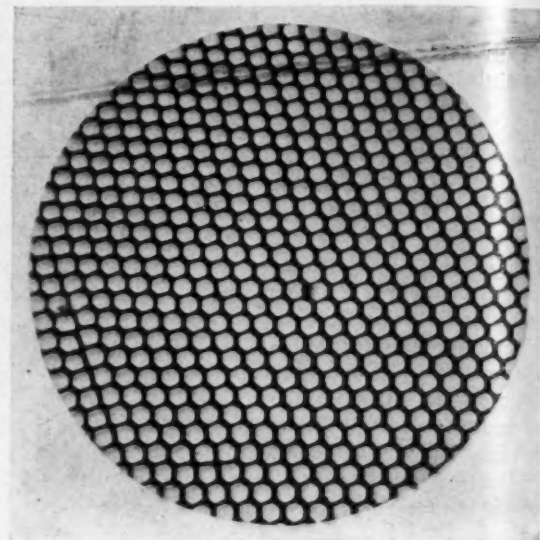


A DYTISCUS, OR
"DIVING" BEETLE.

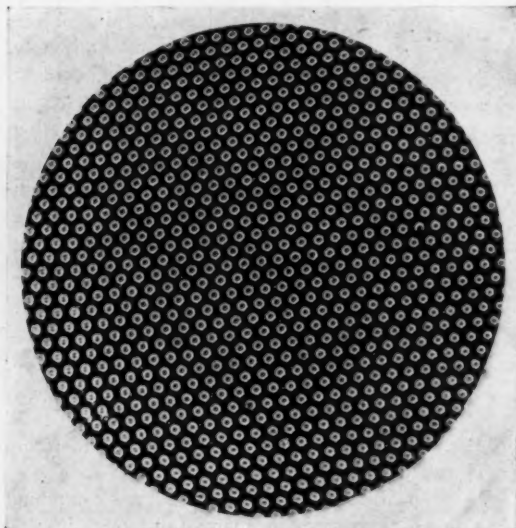
It is very difficult for us to understand how things appear to an insect with the many parts of the compound eyes pointing in every direction. Just try to imagine yourself flying through a room and seeing the four walls, floor, and ceiling all at the same time and equally well. And yet the insect probably does n't see anything as clearly and as distinctly as we do. Perhaps things are in a blur, as this page would be to you held ten feet away. Or hold both hands in front of you about two feet apart. Look at one and you can see dimly the other—about as clearly as the insect sees everything. Although you do not see clearly the hand at which you are not looking

directly, you can tell accurately whether it is in motion or at rest. You can also tell its color. Although the insect sees things vaguely, it likewise can accurately and instantly detect motion and distinguish colors.

The dragon-fly has very large compound eyes with over twenty-five thousand facets. If you have ever tried to get near one or to catch it in a net, you doubtless fully agree with scien-



SECTION OF THE EYE OF MOURNING HORSE-FLY (*Tabanus atratus*), SOMETIMES CALLED BLACK BREEZE OR GADFLY, GREATLY MAGNIFIED. SIX-SIDED FACETS READILY SEEN.



GREATLY MAGNIFIED VIEW OF A PART OF THE EYE OF A DYTISCUS.

(This was photographed in a microscope. The light used was from a lamp. The flame shows faintly repeated in the facets. Examine with a reading-glass, and you can see the six-sided divisions between the facets.)



MOURNING HORSE-FLY.

tific grown-up folks that it can see better than any other of our insects. Even the insects that see so dimly and in a blur are better off than many lower forms of animal life—forms that have no eyes, only a sensitiveness to light and darkness of the same nature as that of plants.



HOW TO SEARCH FOR SECRETS.

I HAVE BEEN reading a very interesting book, entitled "Secrets of the Woods," by William J. Long, who is well known to our young folks as a frequent contributor to this department. What he has to say in the preface to his new book I am sure is valuable advice to all hunters for nature's secrets.

Perhaps the real reason why we see so little in the woods is the way we go through them—talking, laughing, rustling, smashing twigs, disturbing the peace of the solitudes by what must seem strange and uncouth noises to the little wild creatures. They, on the other hand, slip with noiseless feet through their native coverts, shy, silent, listening, more concerned to hear than to be heard, loving the silence, hating noise, and fearing it, as they fear and hate their natural enemies.

We would not feel comfortable if a big barbarian came into our quiet home, broke the door down, whacked his war-club on the furniture, and whooped his battle-yell. We could hardly be natural under the circumstances. Our true dispositions would hide themselves. We might even vacate the house bodily. Just so wood folk. Only as you copy their ways can you expect to share their life and their secrets. And it is astonishing how little the shyest of them fears you if you but keep silence and avoid all excitement, even of feeling; for they understand your feeling quite as much as your action.

That is another point to remember: all the wood folk are more curious about you than you are about them. Sit down quietly in the woods anywhere, and your coming will occasion the same stir that a stranger makes in a New England hill town. Control your

curiosity, and soon their curiosity gets beyond control; they must come to find out who you are and what you are doing. Then you have the advantage; for while their curiosity is being satisfied they forget fear, and show you many curious bits of their life that you will never discover otherwise.

It is well, too, for our observer-hunters to keep in mind this advice from John Burroughs:

It is the heart that sees more than the mind. To love Nature is the first step in observing her. The eye sees quickly and easily those things in which we are interested.

AN "OLD MAN" VIEWS THE DASHING WATERS.

220 W. MONUMENT ST., BALTIMORE, MD.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I saw in ST. NICHOLAS a request for photographs or drawings of faces found in nature. I send a photograph taken at Point Ripley, Harrington, Maine.

Yours truly,
P. H. GLOVER.



A GROTESQUE, ROCKY "FACE" ON THE CLIFF OVERHANGING THE RAPIDS.

A NATURAL MONUMENT TO A FAMOUS MAN.

NEWTON CENTER, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: According to your request in St. NICHOLAS of September for pictures of rock profiles,



THE "GEORGE WASHINGTON" LEDGE.

I send you a photograph of one which closely resembles George Washington. The profile which I photographed is part of a boulder on Thorn Mountain, New Hampshire.

Yours truly,

THURLOW S. WIDGER.

"RABBIT ROCK."

DENVER, COL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: When I read, on page 1038 in the September number of Nature and Science, the request for drawings or photographs of natural resemblances in rocks, I thought that some of the readers of



THE "RABBIT" RESTING ON THE ROCK.
(Hold the page about three feet from your eyes and the resemblance is more striking.)

ST. NICHOLAS might like to see this almost perfect resemblance of a rabbit in rock. I took the picture last summer when I had a two months' vacation at Mount Wellington, near Lake Wellington, forty-nine miles from Denver. "Rabbit Rock," as it is called, faces Lake Wellington from across the road.

I wish you a long life. I am always impatient to get the next number.

Yours faithfully,

RICHARD DE CHARMS, JR.

THE GREAT BLUE HERON.

SOMERSWORTH, N. H.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Can you tell me what is the name of a queer bird that I saw in Minnesota? It was about two and a half feet long, and had long legs, was of a gray-white color, and its cry sounded like a wild goose's. I could not find anything about it.

WARREN S. CARTER.



THE GREAT BLUE HERON.

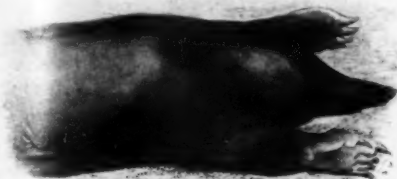
Dr. Thomas S. Roberts, an authority on the birds of Minnesota, writes in regard to this bird as follows:

It is not very clear just what bird your correspondent saw. It must have been one of the herons. The color would suggest the black-crowned night heron, which is common in some parts of Minnesota. The American bittern is not "gray-white" in color. Neither of these birds is quite two and a half feet in length, and neither utters any sound like the cry of a wild goose. Taking all things together, I should be inclined to guess that the bird was the great blue heron (*Ardea herodias*), although it is considerably over the specified length. The great blue heron is common throughout various parts of Minnesota, nesting here and there in colonies in the tops of tall trees. They are commonly called "blue cranes," but incorrectly, as they are not cranes at all. Of all the herons with which I am acquainted, this is the only one that utters, at times when on its feeding-grounds, a note resembling the call of the wild goose (Canada goose). There is a great slough filled with seeds and wild rice directly in front of the house where I write, and several dozen of these great birds come here daily from a heronry at Lake Minnetonka, some fifteen miles away, to fish.

MOLES ARE A NUISANCE.

ROME, ITALY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Last summer, in the Tyrol, going through the fields I often used to see rows and rows



FORE PART OF A MOLE'S BODY.

(Shows the pointed head for pushing through the soil, and the sharp claws and broad paws for digging.)

of dead moles lying there with their tails cut off. I always felt very sorry for the moles, and wondered why they were killed and also where their tails had gone. I also noticed that in pretty nearly every field there were traps.

On inquiring, I was told that the Austrian government had offered a certain sum of money to any peasant who should kill a certain number of moles and bring their tails. I asked a good many people if it was true that the moles injured the crops, but people differed in their opinions; so I thought that I just would ask ST. NICHOLAS about it, as there I am sure to get the true answer.

Your interested reader,

LAURA ASTOR CHANLER (age 13).

The favorite food of moles is worms and ground insects, but it is claimed, on good authority, that they also eat garden vegetables and almost any soft root. In some Western States the boys claim that the moles eat the seed-corn while it is soft and sprouting in May. On the whole, I think we must admit that moles are a nuisance. They surely are nuisances if only because of the ridges they make across the lawns from the earth pushed up to make the tunnels a few inches below the surface.

USES OF PUFFBALLS.

THE ARLINGTON, BETHLEHEM, N. H.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I like ST. NICHOLAS very much. I am thirteen years old. Every spring I watch the birds. My sister, a friend, and myself have a place on the edge of the woods we call the "Cove." It is a lovely place, and just like a fairy's court. We each have special places, and I think mine is the best. It is a rock covered with moss, and back of it I have planted violets and adder-tongues. There is a tree on the right side of it, and on my friend's side there is a dead tree which has fallen over on to my tree.

In the ST. NICHOLAS there was an article about puffballs. I always called them "smokeballs"; but it makes no difference. Well, I must tell you that you ought to have added that when you cut yourself, break open a smokeball, and put the inside over the cut; it will stop the bleeding. We always have some in the house. They are generally found in damp ground.

Your new friend,

EMMA ISABELL ABBÉ.

Shake the spores from a puffball on the water in a tumbler, and then put your finger down, even to the bottom of the tumbler. If carefully done your finger will not be wet. The coating of spores on your finger has the effect of a waterproof plaster. This quality of the spores makes them serviceable in stanching the flow of blood from a wound.

Hold a puffball several minutes under water, and then see if the spores are still dry and will puff out in the smoke form. Of what advantage is it to the puffball to have the spores not easily affected by water? Who will send us an answer?



THE PUFFBALL SPORES PREVENT THE WATER FROM WETTING THE FINGER.

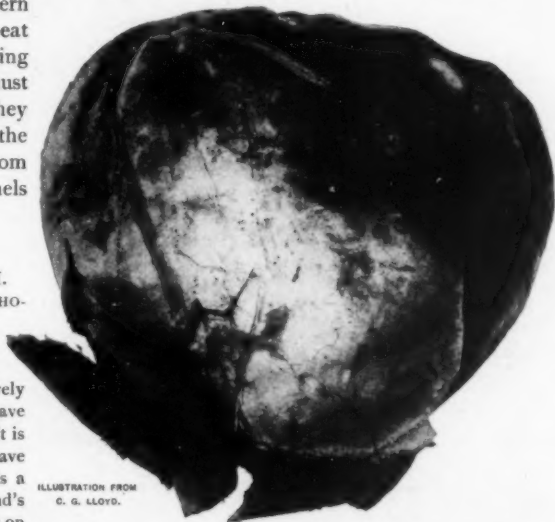


ILLUSTRATION FROM C. G. LLOYD.

THE "BOVISTA PILA" PUFFBALL, COMMONLY USED FOR STANCHING BLOOD.



ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE

"A HEADING FOR FEBRUARY." BY GUSTAVUS E. R. MICHELSON, AGE 16. (CASH PRIZE.)

Oh, little month so brief and drear,
What honored names are thine!
Our Washington and Lincoln dear,
And good St. Valentine.

With February we begin to look forward. Vacation and Thanksgiving have passed into history. Christmas and holidays are far enough behind to become only pleasant memories, and in the midst of blast and blizzard and bleak far-lying suns we begin to picture green hillsides and to dream of pleasant lanes. Yet it is good to buffet the head wind and the snow. It makes the blood tingle and the muscles throb with renewed life. It is good to hear the crackle of the open fire when night gathers along the fields. There is so much happiness in every season, if we will only take a little time to realize it as we go along, and not live only in anticipation of joy to come, or in regretting the half-valued days that will not be lived over. Let us prize brief, stormy little February—she has done so much for us all.

A NEW COMPETITION.

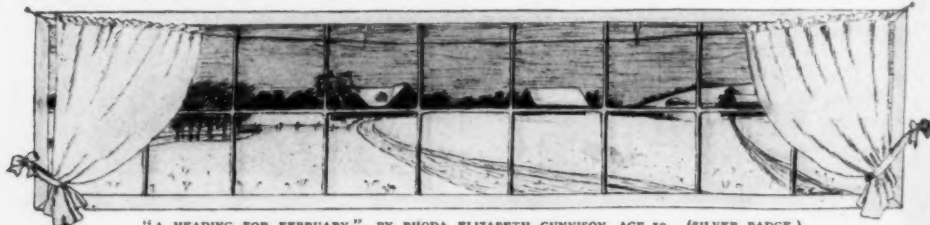
Now that we are well into our third year, and have so many active chapters, the League editor has decided to have one competition for chapters only. It will be an "Entertainment Competition," which means that there will be prizes offered to those young people who,

as chapters of the St. Nicholas League, will give the most successful public entertainment and devote the proceeds to the best use. By "the most successful entertainment" is meant the most profitable, after legitimate expenses have been deducted, and by "best use" is meant that use most in accordance with the League aims and purpose as declared in its instruction leaflet. The entertainment is to be given and reported on by

March 31, so that prize announcements may be made in the June St. NICHOLAS. Chapters not already formed may now be organized to take part in this competition, and children not already League members may become so by sending a stamped envelope for badge and instruc-



"A HEADING FOR FEBRUARY." BY LOUISE SLEET VAN OLDROUTENBORGH, AGE 15. (GOLD BADGE.)



"A HEADING FOR FEBRUARY." BY RHODA ELIZABETH GUNNISON, AGE 12. (SILVER BADGE.)

tion letter; which are sent free. Remember that to belong to the League or to a League chapter, it is only necessary to be regular readers of the League department, and interested in the League aims and work; and that all who wish to take part in a League chapter entertainment are eligible to membership. Remember also that some of the most profitable entertainments given by chapters heretofore have been given in small towns, and that city chapters have no advantage either in the matter of talent or in obtaining appreciative and profitable audiences. Wherever there is a school there is a field for a chapter and chapter work. On the last League page will be found the prize offer and the rules for this new competition. Those desiring to take part should begin without delay. There is no time to lose.

PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION No. 26.

IN making the awards contributors' ages are considered.

VERSE. Cash prize, Grace Reynolds Douglas (age 11), 240 S. River St., Wilkes Barre, Pa.

Gold badge, Margaret Clemens (age 13), Charles City, Ia.

Silver badges, Edwina L. Pope (age 16), 5218 Hubbard Ave., Chicago, Ill., and Sidonia Deutsch (age 15), 231 E. 122d St., N. Y. City.

PROSE. Gold badges, Ruth Donaldson (age 16), Dalton, Ga., and Meta N. Walther (age 14), 236 E. 76th St., N. Y. City.

Silver badges, Hilda B. Morris (age 13), 611 Spring St., Michigan City, Ind., and Ralph Blackledge (age 9), Caney, Kan.

DRAWING. Cash prize, Gustavus E. R. Michelson (age 16), 301 Massachusetts Ave., Arlington, Mass.

Gold badges, Yvonne Jequier (age 16), Faubourg du Cret 5, Neuchâtel, Switzerland, and Louise Slet van Oldruitenborgh (age 15), 33 Rue d'Arches, Liège, Belgium.

Silver badges, Bessie Barnes (age 17), 60 Bury Old Road, Cheetham Hill, Manchester, England, and Rhoda Elizabeth Gunnison (age 12), Scarborough, Me.

PHOTOGRAPHY. Gold badge, Katherine Romeyn Varick (age 14), Park Hill, Yonkers, N. Y.

Silver badges, Michael Heidelberger (age 13), 51 E. 90th St., N. Y. City, and Margaret Wright (age 11), 1805 Walnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

WILD-ANIMAL PHOTOGRAPHY. First prize, "Young King-birds," by Dunton Hamlin (age 13), Orono, Me. Second prize, "Possum," by Thomas R. Pooley, Jr. (age 15), 107 Madison Ave., N. Y. City. Third prize, "Wild Ducks," by Mary H. Cunningham (age 13), Field Point Road, Greenwich, Conn.

PUZZLE-MAKING. Gold badge, Reginald Cain-Barrels (age 17), Box 558, St. Hyacinthe, Quebec, Canada.

Silver badges, Edward W. Hills (age 16), 1610 John St., Baltimore, Md., and Harold Hering (age 9), 416 Mosher St., Baltimore, Md.

PUZZLE-ANSWERS. Gold badge, Edward Sargent Steinbach, 27 Reynolds Terrace, Orange, N. J.

Silver badges, Agnes Cole (age 13), 582 Pennsylvania Ave., Elizabeth, N. J., and Samuel P. Haldenstein (age 12), 206 W. 132d St., N. Y. City.

Three drawing prizes this month go to League members on the other side of the Atlantic—one to Switzerland, one to Belgium, and one to England. Our young American artists will have to work and think hard to hold their own. American illustration stands at the head to-day. Are we going to keep it there?



"FROM MY BEST NEGATIVE." BY KATHERINE ROMEYN VARICK, AGE 14. (GOLD BADGE.)

THE GARDEN AT MOUNT VERNON.

BY GRACE REYNOLDS DOUGLAS (AGE 11).

(Cash Prize.)

I KNOW a quaint old garden
With boxwood bordered round;
And memories most precious
Hang o'er this sacred ground.

In sunshine and in shadow,
For fivescore years and more,
The lilacs and the roses
Have strewn their petals o'er.

The tall and stately lilies
Still scent the summer air,
While hollyhocks and poppies
Are growing everywhere.

Outside the whitewashed palings
The great trees hold their sway;
Beyond, the broad Potomac
Flows, singing on its way.

Bloom on, dear, quaint old garden!
Bloom on till time is done!
In mem'ry of our hero,
Our loved George Washington.



"A HEADING FOR FEBRUARY." BY BESSIE BARNES, AGE 17. (SILVER BADGE.)

WHEN GRANDMA WENT TO SCHOOL.

BY RUTH DONALDSON (AGE 16).

(Gold Badge.)

SALLY was only four years old, but, like all little girls of her time, she went to school. Now, a school in those days was not like schools are now, for this was in the forties. This school-house was built of logs, with square places cut in them for windows, and the windows had no glass in them—not even paper. The chimney was built of logs and mortar. The interior was very rudely furnished with only the teacher's desk, and benches that reached across the room for the scholars. These benches were minus backs, and had no desks in front of them as we have now. Sally's feet did not touch the floor, and of course sometimes she would get very tired, with nothing to lean against and her little feet dangling down with nothing to rest on. Now, Sally sat right by a window, and she thought the motion of the trees, as the

would keep getting sleepier and sleepier until she would go to sleep and fall off the bench. Then the teacher would ask, "What 's that?" and some one would answer, "Only Sally Monday fell off the bench." The teacher would then come back and pick her up, lay her behind the door on his overcoat, and let her sleep until school was out.

Although this teacher was never known to whip any one, he always kept a very long switch, and sometimes, just as Sally was about to drop off to sleep, he would slam his switch down on the floor and call out, "By the wars! get that lesson"; and this always frightened Sally so that she would sometimes fall off at this. So you see Sally did not have such an easy time at school, after all.

This is a true story, for that little girl is now my grandmother.

BE LIKE WASHINGTON.

BY MARGARET CLEMENS (AGE 13).

(Gold Badge.)

"I'll tell you the story of Washington,"

Said grandmama, one day,
To Ted and Helen and Lucy
As they came to her from play.

She knew very well what was wanted;
You could tell, if you were n't very
wise,

By looking right down at their faces
To the twinkle in their eyes.

They clustered all about her,
Lucy on grandmama's knee,
While she told of our good Washing-
ton:

How he cut the cherry-tree.

How he never ran away to hide,
To lay blame on another one.

Ah, no; he came and told the truth,
As all boys should have done.

"Oh, grandma, was it Washington
Who never told a lie?

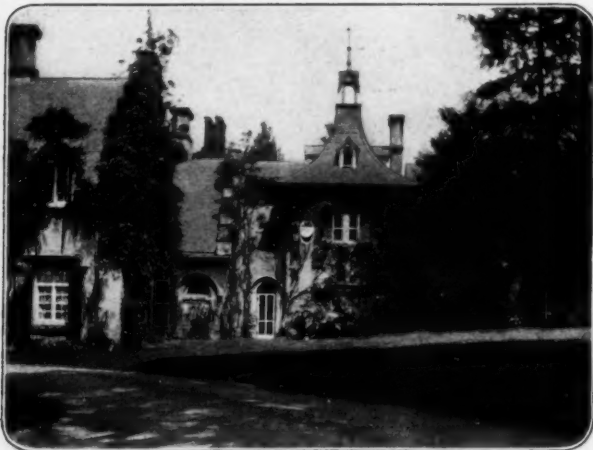
I guess I'll be like Washington.

I ate your pumpkin-pie."

Poor little Ted was crying.

And his dimpled fists, so fat,
Were right into his teary eyes.

"T was I, and not the cat."



"FROM MY BEST NEGATIVE." BY MICHAEL HEIDELBERGER, AGE 13. (SILVER BADGE.)

wind gently swayed them back and forth, the most fascinating sight to watch, which was very naughty of her, as she should have been getting her lessons. The motion of the trees always made her sleepy, and she



"YOUNG KING-BIRDS." BY DUNTON HAMLIN, AGE 13.
 (FIRST PRIZE, "WILD-ANIMAL PHOTOGRAPHY.")

WASHINGTON.

BY EDWINA L. POPE (AGE 16).

(Silver Badge.)

TURNING over History's pages,
 Dim with blood and tears of men,
 Seeing with a childish wonder
 Lives and deeds beyond my ken,
 Came I then to glittering letters,
 Like to fire, shining bright,
 Shedding over all around them
 Their transfiguring, holy light.

Vainly then I strove to read them,
 But still, like the flickering fire,
 They evaded all my efforts,
 Dazzling, ever leaping higher.

Years passed by. Once more I looked there,
 Sorrow had now chastened me;
 Dire misfortune had afflicted,
 And with love had made me see.

Now they shone with steady brilliance,
 And I saw a hero's name,
 And I saw where lay his greatness,
 Realized his truer fame.

Now I sympathized, and wondered
 At his victories sorely won,
 And it aided me and cheered me
 Such as nothing else had done.

THE NEW SCHOLAR.

BY META N. WALTHER

(AGE 14).

(Gold Badge.)

It was a cheerful morning, and the school-room was a scene of confusion. The monthly examinations were over, and on this day the general standing was to be revealed. The girls stood grouped around a certain girl, and

greeted what she said with peals of laughter. The thirty-five different voices all chatting made the room not unlike the bird-house in Central Park.

"Now, Belle," said one girl, addressing their leader, "you were head of our class twice; you must not be defeated this time."

"Cannot be altered," answered Belle, carelessly, gracefully waving her hand.

"I should like to know who can surpass Bella!" said a flattering voice.

"Why, the new scholar," put in a piquant voice.

All the girls fairly screamed.

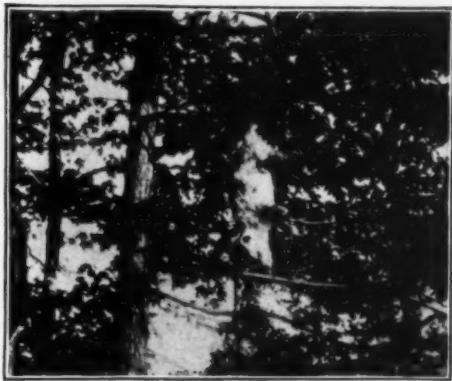
"How can you be so ridiculous, Julia?" said Bella.

"Well, she deserves to be head, if any girl in this class does. She studies harder than you, Bella Adams."

"That may be, my dear; and if her mode of study is so beneficial, why, follow a good example."

Bella's dramatic eloquence gave her great influence among the girls, and admiring glances stole over many faces. Even though she appeared to care so little about her marks, her perfect faith in her success made her seem so indifferent.

"What do you say, girls? We'll try to make Sophie believe she stands lowest," proposed Bella.



"OPOSSUM HANGING BY ITS TAIL." BY THOMAS E. POOLEY, JR.,
 AGE 15. (SECOND PRIZE, "WILD-ANIMAL PHOTOGRAPHY.")

A dragging step was heard in the hall, and all eyes turned as the door slowly opened and a little German girl entered. She bowed her good morning, as she spoke broken English.

"Oh, Sophie," broke out a dozen voices, "have you heard the news? You stand lowest!"

Sophie stood bewildered a moment, and coloring high, a few silent tears rolled down her cheek. She then answered brokenly:

"Ich don't care; ich studierte hard."

This was so different from what the girls had expected that a blank, guilty look spread over their faces.

The teacher's entry stopped all further com-



"WILD DUCKS." BY MARY H. CUNNINGHAM, AGE 13. (THIRD PRIZE,
 "WILD-ANIMAL PHOTOGRAPHY.")



"A HEADING FOR FEBRUARY." BY YVONNE JEQUIER,
AGE 16. (GOLD BADGE.)

ment. Going directly to her desk, she said, looking over the expectant faces:

"First in our class for February stands—"

All eyes turned to Belle, who had assumed as indifferent an air as possible.

"Sophia Koch, our new scholar."

WINTER.

BY MARJORIE PARKS (AGE 10).

It is as cold as winter;

The snow is on the ground;

The winds are blowing briskly;

No sunbeams are there found.

The ponds will soon be frozen,

And sleigh-bells soon be heard;

Then we will go out skating,

For warmly are we furred.

We will be dressed in coats and hats,

And gloves and gaiters, too,

Then swing our skates upon our backs,

And falls there will be few!

WHAT MARTHA LEARNED AT SCHOOL.



"MARTHA."

Illustrated by the Author.

BY HILDA B. MORRIS

(AGE 13).

(Silver Badge.)

MARTHA was young and ambitious. In fact, she was very young, as she had just passed her sixth birthday, and very ambitious, having resolved to learn to read and write before she was seven.

For two days Martha had been to school, sitting straight in her little wooden form and diligently studying the a-b-c book before her. She had watched the reciting-classes with interest, and she had trembled visibly when it became her turn to point out the A, B,

C, and D on the chart. She had seen a boy punished for whispering, and she had seen the music-teacher. In fact, Martha felt herself thoroughly initiated into the ways of the school.

Poor, ignorant Martha! Little was she prepared for the disgrace that met her on the third day. A wad of paper struck her squarely in the face—a hard wad. Martha jumped with surprise; this was a new experience. Cautiously she unwrapped it, to find a piece of sticky peppermint candy carefully inclosed. Martha dimpled with delight, and looked about the room to find the donor. She saw a red-haired boy grinning at her. She returned the grin and blushed coquettishly. She put her hand into her lunch-basket, and drew forth a precious piece of fudge that sister May had put in for "the baby." Such kindness as the peppermint candy should be returned, and Martha wrapped the fudge in the wad of paper and prepared to throw. Poor Martha! how was she to know that it was forbidden?

She tossed the wad with incorrect aim; it struck little Janey Green directly in the eye. Janey howled.

The teacher spoke sharply:

"Martha, did you throw that paper at Janey?"

Martha felt herself turn cold.

"Yes'm," she said.

"You may stand face to the wall for five minutes."



"FROM MY BEST NEGATIVE." BY MARGARET WRIGHT,
AGE 11. (SILVER BADGE.)

Martha heard the cruel red-haired-boy laugh as she took her sorrowful position.

What disgrace, and the fudge gone! But Martha was a wiser girl.

WASHINGTON.

BY SIDONIA DEUTSCH (AGE 15).

(Silver Badge.)

FROM the heav'n's stars are beaming on the fair,
new-fallen snow,
And the moon-kissed snow is gleaming, and the winter breezes blow;

Angels say: "We'll guard him daily; sound the bugle through the morn!
Ring the bells, oh, ring them gaily: Washington is born!"

Now the colonists, debating, have declared their country free,

And with patience they are waiting, fighting for their liberty—

Liberty for their foundation. Washington, commander in Sorrows of a future nation, Washington will win!

Now the colonists, defeated, think their cause is almost lost;

O'er New Jersey they've retreated, and the Delaware they've crossed.

Trenton captured, Princeton taken; hope is leveled to the dust;

What though now they seem forsaken? Win they shall, they *must*!

Germantown is almost taken. France is now the States' ally;

Hope in Washington's ne'er shaken; they will win their cause or die!

Now their forces are victorious, now their suffering's begun;

Yorktown's siege, decisive, glorious. Washington has won!

Once again the bands immortal, present at man's birth and death,

Vanish through the great white portal on the night wind's dewy breath.

Round him cluster angels holy; angel spirits guard his bed.

"Ring the bells, oh, ring them slowly: Washington is dead!"

WHAT MY SCHOOL LIFE IS LIKE.

BY RALPH BLACKLEDGE (AGE 9).

(Silver Badge.)

My school life has not been like that of most nine-year-old boys. I am not always well, and cannot go to school as my younger sister can. But my papa and mama and other relatives spend much of their time telling me of great men and women who have helped make the world better and wiser, and of wonderful countries, and take me on splendid trips that I may see and learn



"FROM MY BEST NEGATIVE." BY MARGARET HEAD, AGE 15.

in that way; and as I remember well, I do not think I am behind other boys my age.

I have quite a little library for a small boy, and I love

my books and count them among my good friends. My ST. NICHOLASES have a shelf to themselves where I can reach them easily. I could not study this last year at all, but I took a good trip, and learned ever so much. I saw the wonderful Petrified Forest in Arizona—great trees eight feet in diameter turned to beautiful jasper and agate. Thousands of years ago birds sang in their green branches; then earthquakes came, and the waters of an inland sea covered them. And there was n't any America at all. Then more changes came, till all is as it is now.

One tree has fallen across a cañon, forming a bridge of pure jasper. It was here, on the 4th of March, that my last birthday was spent, and I ate my birthday dinner at the bottom of the cañon, right under the bridge of jasper.

After that we went to Flagstaff; then drove to the ruined homes of the cave-dwellers, and to the cliff-dwellings perched like swallows' nests on the face of the cliffs above the beautiful cañon.

On our way back to Flagstaff we were caught in a terrible mountain storm.

"Well, how white it is!" I exclaimed, when I saw what I thought was white light. "I am so cold!"

It was the first snow-storm I had ever seen, and oh, how frightened I was!

Then the Grand Cañon. Just think; the river has worn a great crack in the rocky earth thirteen miles wide and six miles from the top to where the river now is! And the rocky sides of the cañon are in all the tints of the rainbow.



BY RUTH T. FEARY, AGE 14.

A STORMY NIGHT.

BY FAY MARIE HARTLEY (AGE 12).

BLOW, winds, blow, winds!
Bring the swirling snow, winds;
Heap it up in soft white drifts about the terraced lawn;
Shutters squeak and rafters creak,
Stormy the winter night and bleak;
Alone I lie within my bed, waiting the gray of dawn.

Dogs are mournfully howling,
In the distance prowling;
On the blast is borne the long low whistle of a train;



"HAWTHORNE'S HOME." BY
ALICE BUSHNELL.

Figures weird, fantastic,
Everchanging, plastic,
Constantly resolve themselves
from the tumult of my
brain.

Rattling, prattling,
With each other battling,
With shrieks unearthly chilly
blasts around the cottage
sweep;
Moaning, groaning,
Ghostly dirges droning,
The elements have all conspired
to rob me of my sleep.

A "RABBIT" EPISODE.

BY W. N. COUPLAND (AGE 14).

It was a baking hot summer afternoon. A monotonous, droning sound pervaded the classroom, broken at intervals by a half-stifled laugh or a guarded exclamation. Mr. Johnson, the class-master, sat at his desk with a large volume propped up before him. A so-called "rabbit," a wonderful legless creature made out of a pocket-handkerchief, skimmed merrily about from boy to boy, always disappearing most unaccountably whenever Mr. Johnson glanced up to administer a mild reproof. He presently found it necessary to quit the room for a moment, and the fun became fast and furious. Master Rabbit scudded to and fro in the most reckless manner, till suddenly he took a quite uncalled-for flight, and caught on a gas-bracket, far out of reach of any boy. The next moment Mr. Johnson entered, and every one settled down and tried not to look up at the suspended handkerchief. But, unluckily, the master happened to look up.

"To whom does that belong?" he demanded.

No one answered directly, and Mr. Johnson, leaping upon a desk, very gingerly disengaged the offending object with his thumb and forefinger, and brought it down in order to see the name.

"Please, sir, I made it," said a voice.

"Come here," said the master, severely, and when the boy came, "Now, undo it."

The boy gave a twist to the rabbit's head and a pull at its tail, and lo! it came out into an ordinary handkerchief.

"And now," said Mr. Johnson, impressively, "you shall write as a punishment, how to make a—" He paused.

"Rabbit, sir," put in some one.

"Yes, a rabbit—how to make a rabbit, twenty times, and bring your work to me to-morrow afternoon."

A TALE OF SCHOOL.

BY MARGUERITE BEATRICE CHILD (AGE 15).

(Winner of Gold Badge, September, 1900.)

ONCE upon a time there was a little girl who went to a big high school. She was rather lonely, for, being younger than most of the boys and girls, she knew only a few.

So she "made believe" about the school. Some of the time it was the Gloomy Prison, and she the Prisoner; but oftener it was King Arthur's court, and all the boys were knights and the girls fair ladies. And the Jolly Jailers (otherwise known as the teachers) and the rest of the gay court little thought how closely and eagerly they were watched by the quiet Prisoner.

Among the knights there was one she liked to watch especially, because to her he seemed the noblest of all. "I think I'll call him 'Sir Bors,'" she said, when she had finally decided he was the best. "For Bors was strong and brave and courteous, and he was better than Lancelot."

Perhaps you who read this will wonder why she chose this particular boy out of half a hundred. Whenever he met her he "doffed his casque" to her and greeted her courteously. A foolish reason, you will think; but ah! you do not know how much it meant to that little girl. It meant that



"FROM MY BEST NEGATIVE." BY JEANETTE
BISHOP, AGE 12.



"FROM MY BEST NEGATIVE." BY J. FREEMAN DAV, AGE 13.



FEBRUARY.



"A HEADING FOR FEBRUARY." BY TINA GRAY, AGE 17.

some one appreciated the fact that she was just as much a lady of the court as any of the older girls, and, in her own words, "It makes me feel as if I were somebody, and then I try to have good lessons, and be nice, so that sometime, perhaps, the other knights and ladies will like me and treat me as one of them."

But Sir Bors never knew.

Oh, you boys of the St. Nicholas League, wherever you are working in school, remember this: that you may help some lonely little Prisoner so much by just being courteous and knightly to all the ladies of your court. For knighthood is still on earth, and the best and truest men are those who have always tried to live up to the old standard of knightliness.

O COME YE IN, MY NEIGHBOR!

BY HARRIET IVES (AGE 13).

O come ye in, my neighbor;
 'T is lonesome hereabout.
 As we list the night winds whistle
 And moan in trees without.
 O come ye in, my neighbor,
 And by our hearth be gay,
 And talk and laugh and social be,
 To while the hours away.
 O come ye in, my neighbor;
 The evening hours are long;
 O come ye in, my neighbor,
 And sing old friendship's song.
 O come ye in, my neighbor,
 From the night so dark and drear;
 O come ye to our fireside,
 Where all is light and cheer.
 O come ye in, my neighbor,
 And by our hearth be gay,
 And talk and laugh and social be,
 To while the hours away.

A JAPANESE SCHOOL.

BY FLORENCE J. CHANEY (AGE 15).

DOROTHY was a very little girl when her father was appointed to fill a consulship in Japan, and only remembered a few things about American life.

She had been attending a kindergarten in the city where she lived, and was very much delighted with the children she met and the amusing things they were taught to do.

And so, after she had been in Japan a few months, she begged to be taken to a Japanese school. Her mother was very busy, but one morning she woke Dorothy up early, and told her that she would take her to see one of the schools near by. As the school began at seven o'clock, they had to hurry and eat their breakfast, and the clock struck seven as they hurried down the narrow street in search of a school.

Along the way many boys and girls were playing who evidently did not go to school. The girls had little babies on their backs, but were having a fine game of shuttlecock.

Soon Dorothy heard the sound of many voices, and looking around, they saw a school. The teacher welcomed them in his peculiar way, and Dorothy was soon lost to everything else but the scene before her. The children were squatting on the floor around their teacher, and all were mumbling together the *iroha*, or Japanese alphabet.

It fairly deafened Dorothy, but the teacher seemed to know what each boy was saying, and corrected him if he were wrong.

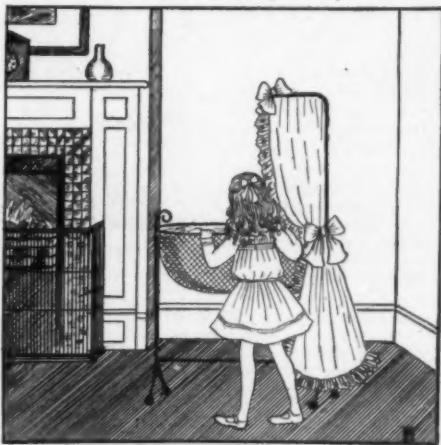
After a while they stopped this, and began reading in concert some maxims long studied by the Japanese.

The drawing was especially interesting. Soft paper was brought out, with brushes and India ink. They did the drawing very nicely, and had acquired a wonderful use of their arms and hands in this work.

There were no chairs in the room, and Dorothy soon began to grow tired and fidget. By and by she whispered, "I don't like the Japanese schools, mama. Let's go home to America, and go to kindergarten."

PEGGY'S VALENTINE.

BY MADGE FALCON (AGE 16).



(Illustration by the Author.)

OF valentines I've had a score
 This year and other years before,
 And I'm afraid I seem to be

A little tired of them. You see,
 They all have hearts and flowers and birds,
 And all have nearly the same words.
 But I'm sure the nicest one, you'll say,
 Was one that came to me to-day.

For I was sitting on the floor,
 Counting my valentines o'er and o'er,
 When nursey said, "Come here, dear, do;
 Another one has come for you."

I ran across the nursery floor,
 And then what do you think I saw?
 A little cot with frills of lace,
 The very smallest pinky face,
 For, oh, this greatest joy was mine:
 A baby sister valentine!

THE REVERIE OF A SCHOOL-BOY.

BY DAVID MACGREGOR CHENEY (AGE 16).

WHEN many years have fallen on this head of mine, changing its brown to silvery gray, and bending these shoulders with their weight; and when I see the sun of my ambitions sink below the horizon of all hope; and when my strong young limbs grow feeble and stiff; then, as I sit in the ruddy glow of an open fire, I shall dream over my past, and laugh at its joys and sigh at its sorrows. I shall seem to see in the depths of the dancing flames my school-boy days again, and companions long dead will rise anew to life, and speak with me. Then I shall be again in a crowded school-room, conning over long and weary lessons, while the birds tempt me with their songs and the green trees beckon me to come out, or the sunlight, glancing from the ice and snow, will suggest the sports awaiting me outside.

Mayhap my dimmed eyes will be filled again with light; and I shall see once more the world about me, not as it will be then, but as it is now! Then once more school-boy pranks, studies, and ambitions will fill my brain. Then I shall be a boy again.

Shall I remember then my father's cheery voice, and bless him for his self-denials for me? Shall I remember then the soft, sweet tones of my mother's voice, soothing me in my disappointments, or rejoicing with me in my successes? Shall I remember my sisters, who were always made happy by my good fortunes or heavy hearted by my failures? Ah, yes; I shall remember all that, if the spark of reason still burns and this heart of mine continues beating in that far-distant day.

HIS FIRST SCHOOL COMPOSITION.

BY MARY P. PARSONS (AGE 16).

TEDDY's big geography book was standing up in front of him, making a screen to protect him from the fiery glances of the teacher. Behind this he put his head down on the desk while he watched a little girl who sat one seat back across the aisle.

Suddenly the teacher said, "Four A class, attention!"

At this the geography closed with a bang, and Teddy sat up very straight.

"It is time for language class now, but I want each one of you to write a composition to-day instead." Most of the members of the Four A class looked distressed. "You may write it," she said, "about what you think an ideal school would be."

Teddy felt like giving up in despair, and he looked back at the little girl, and saw her writing on her slate as if she were quite used to making up compositions. All at once a bright thought came to Teddy, and he began to write as fast as he could make his fingers go. When the composition was done, and he had filled both sides of his slate, Teddy read it over, and then carried it

up, very proudly, and laid it before the teacher on her desk. This is what it said:

"An ideal school.

"I never went to one but it would be one where their wernt any teachers and you didnt have to come unless you wanted to an there wernt any lessons to get or compositions to rite or anyone to keep you after school nights or say you couldnt whisper or anything."

A SCHOOL I SAW.

BY LORAIN MOORE SHERMAN (AGE 15).

It was a dull afternoon in June, and having nothing else to do, I took a book and went out into the orchard to read; and I soon proved the book to be very uninteresting by falling asleep. When I awoke the moon was up, and everything shone like silver in its rays. Within reach of my hand was a ring of toadstools, with a larger one in the center. Certainly this was just the place for a fairy frolic, but it was not a frolic that I saw. No; the fairies who were seated on the toadstools were too quiet, and then, what a queer buzzing sound came from their mouths!

Looking more intently, I observed near the door a blue flag which bore this inscription: "The School of Kindness."

Then the master, who sat in the middle, arose and said:

"The graduating class may step forward."

They obeyed this command.

"Now, Elf," said the master, whose name seemed to be Longlegs, "what would you do if you saw a beetle on its back?"

"Help it get up," answered Elf.

"Correct. And, Pop, what would you do if you saw a fly in a spider's web?"

"Tear the web," Pop replied.

"Wrong. You should simply help the fly out."

And so the questions went down the line, all being answered correctly. When it was Pop's turn again, Longlegs, the master, said: "Now, attention, Pop. What would you do if an ant fell into an ant-lion's nest?"

"Toss sand on top of her," said Pop.

Then the master was very angry.

"Incorrect, incorrect," he said. "You may go to the principal."

They all disappeared. Had I been dreaming? No; there were the toadstools, which had certainly not been there when I fell asleep.

CHAPTERS.

Now is the time to form a chapter and take part in the big Chapter Entertainment Competition. It is not necessary to be a subscriber to ST. NICHOLAS to belong to a chapter, but it is necessary to belong to the League. All those not already members who wish to join in a chapter entertainment (see Prize Offers on last



"LEFT OVER
FROM
CHRISTMAS."

League page) should get their badges and instruction leaflets at once, by sending an addressed and stamped envelope.

AN EXCELLENT EXAMPLE.

Chapter No. 262, "The Ozark," of Rolla, Mo., gave a most delightful entertainment on last October 23, and a very successful one from every point of view. Every feature of the programme—play, recitations, songs, etc.—was selected from *ST. NICHOLAS*. Wigs, beards, and other make-up were obtained from St. Louis (the nearest city), and the "best children's entertainment ever given in our city" resulted in satisfactory proceeds, which were given to the city for a public well—a most commendable purpose. Chapters desiring to enter the Entertainment Competition might obtain some valuable points from the chairman of No. 262. Her address is, Miss Lois J. Shaw, Rolla, Mo. We hope she also will not fail to compete.

Chapter 38 sends a report of new officers. Marion Lichtenstein, 1070 Madison Ave., N. Y., is now Secretary. 146 calls for twenty new badges. 171 calls for eight, and reports that its colors are cream and white. Secretary asks about the cracking of the Liberty Bell—a matter which seems to be in dispute among historians as well as League members. 335 calls for three new badges. 342 calls for eight new badges—meetings every Wednesday night. 358 calls for one new badge. 370 has six new members, and a new paper, "The Oriole's Feather," to which each member contributes.

NEW CHAPTERS.

No. 388. Ethel Wyman, President; Sarah Loud, Secretary; twelve members. Address, Rear 55 Preble St., Portland, Me.

No. 389. Nanice Hunter, President; Margaret Young, Secretary; six members. Address, W. F. Manse, Southend, Campbelltown, Scotland.

No. 390. "J. A. M." Rae Roberts, President; Ruth Adams, Secretary; six members. Address, 601 De Soto St., St. Paul, Minn.

No. 391. "Jolly Six." Eleanor Colby, President; Elizabeth Pierce, Jr., Secretary; six members. Address, care of Pierce Mantel and Tile Co., Dayton, Ohio.

No. 392. "Mayflower Chapter." Edna Wier, President; Maude Fulmore, Secretary; four members. Address, Walton, N. S., Canada.

No. 393. "G. G. G." Harriet Byrne, President; M. Olive Barrett, Secretary; six members. Address, 88 Fisher Ave., White Plains, N. Y.

No. 394. "Hiawatha Junior Club." Mary Cameron, President; Charlotte Shepardson, Secretary; nine members. Address, 5135 Hibbard Ave., Chicago, Ill.

No. 395. Paul Lieder, President; Louis Schellbach, Jr., Secretary; six members. Address, 20 Ellery St., Brooklyn, N. Y. No. 395 will visit every Saturday and Sunday some museum or public building of New York and neighboring cities. Hearty welcome extended to any chapter desiring to go along. Any such chapter should write and arrange time, number of those desiring to go, etc. 395 sends a most interesting group of its members. This chapter has made a most excellent start. Good luck to it!

No. 396. "P. and T." Helen Griffiths, President; Lucy Kent, Secretary; thirty-five members. Address, 441 Park Ave., New York City. Meetings monthly.

No. 397. "The Gleaners." Effie Baker, President; Elizabeth Deebie, Secretary; six members. Address, 2020 P St., N. W., Washington, D. C. Regular meetings every Friday, and oftener if necessary. Like 395, this chapter is going to "do the town" and see the sights. This is certainly excellent chapter work.

No. 398. Clara Cornburn, President; Leda Wallace, Secretary; eight members. Address, 545 W. 2d St., N., Salt Lake City, Utah.

No. 399. "Lowell Club." Rosalie Hausmann, President; Alma Low, Secretary; eight members. Address, care of Mrs. Hausmann, 1028 Octavia St., San Francisco, Cal.

No. 400. "Sunshine Chapter." Ethel Freeman, President; Juliette Halla, Secretary; seven members. Address, 146 First St., Troy, N. Y.

No. 401. "Happy Seven." Clare Armstrong, President; Blanche Dunham, Secretary; seven members. Address, Kane, Pa.

No. 402. "Red Rangers." Herbert Culvin, President; John Mayer, Secretary; eleven members. Address, Runsey Hall, Sanford Preparatory School, Seneca Falls, N. Y.

No. 403. "Arnold Chapter." Eleanor Brigham, President; Edith Dunn, Secretary; nine members. Address, Grafton, Mass. Meetings monthly, at members' homes. The secretary would like to correspond with members of other chapters. Ages of members, 14 to 16.

No. 404. "Silver Crescent Club." Myra McCormick, President; Ellen Reading, Secretary; five members. Address, 1015 W. 4th St., Williamsport, Pa. Colors, silver and white. Weekly meetings, at which part of the League department is read and discussed. A good plan.

LETTERS.

League members, and those not already members, should read the "Chapter Prize Offer" on the last League page. Those

VOL. XXIX.—48.



"A HEADING FOR FEBRUARY." BY HERMAN HORACE GRAF, AGE 7.

chapters who have already given entertainments will be right in line, and those who have n't should get in line double quick. There is no time to lose.

Here is a letter that ought to encourage those members who have contributed month after month without success. Industry and perseverance always find their reward somewhere, somehow, and sometime.

Never give up, so long as there is the least encouragement or hope. Never say die!

WALTHAM, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I received the gold badge and the five dollars the day before yesterday, and I thank you ever so much for them. I think the badge is beautiful, and I am very proud of it. I was never so surprised and pleased in my life as when I saw my name with the first prize, and I don't really see how I could have got it. I have tried to send something to almost every competition since the League began, and although I did get in the roll of honor a good many times, I did not expect ever to get a prize; now when I have got the very first prize, it seems almost too good to be true. Only, I can't try for any more prizes this year, but I suppose I may contribute to the competitions! I think your League is a splendid thing, and it doubles the value of your magazine to me and, I should think, to every one else also.

Thanking you again for my prize, and wishing you a long and happy life, I am your sincere reader,
EMILY STORER.

UTICA, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: At the home for aged couples, in the city of Utica, there was a man that lived there that was confined to a wheel-chair, moving hardly any part of his body but his arms. But he was able to put crumbs out on the window-sill, and the birds would come by fifties and hundreds to eat the little crumbs that this man put out for them. This good man lived in this home for many years, but six months ago he died; yet every day the sparrows come just the same for their crumbs.

Do you think that the mama and papa birds told their little ones where to get their food?
MAY ROSE WOODARD (age 11).

FARRAGOMA, SPAIN.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I collect stamps, and I would be very glad to exchange stamps with any League member. My address is, Plaza de Geozaga No. 2.
AUGUSTUS CAMFRUBI AYMAR.

LOUISE SLEET VAN OLDREUTENBORGH, 33 Rue d'Arches, Liège, Belgium, Europe, would like to correspond with some members of the League; to write about music, painting, drawing, or anything of that kind. She would exchange drawings, etc.; would write long letters and make the correspondence interesting. She will answer all those who will write to her in the fifteen days which will follow the issue of *ST. NICHOLAS* in which this will be printed.

L. S. V. O.

Other appreciative and interesting letters have been received from Louise Sharp, Ruth M. Peters, Charlotte Boster, Frances Marion Simpson, Allen E. Ingalls, Teresa Cohen, E. C. Day, Eleanor T. Colby, Hilda Mander, Katherine Andrews, Esther Davis, Harold T. Whitney, Florence Leighton, Alberta Bastedo, J. Tabell Brown, Jr., Jessie Day, John Seely, Jessie Wilcox, Catherine M. Neale, Dorothy D. Andrews, Margery Bradshaw, Helen Kent Emery, Henry Goldman, Percival C. Smith, Nancy E. Barton, Anita May Julien, Ella Harrison, Helen Lathrop, N. K. Roessler, Marion H. Van Volkenburgh, Theodora B. Dennis, Clarence L. Hawthay, Shipley W. Ricker, Jr., and, with pictures, from Bruce Davidson, Elizabeth B. Warren, H. Payne Breazale, Jack Willets, Willard Becker, Carl Hoos, Helen Hartness, Marjorie C. Clifford, and Kathryn Maddock.

The pictures with these letters were not quite up to the League standard.

Perhaps the senders would like to try verse, or prose, or puzzle-making.

ROLL OF HONOR

A LIST of those whose work has been found worthy of honorable mention and encouragement.

VERSE.

Gladys Whelpley
Georgia Wicker
May Stark
Florence L. Bain
John Hall, Jr.
Dorothea M. Posegate
Alma Jean Wing
James J. Macumber
Leone Harding
Florence Van Valkenburg
Marguerite M. Hillery
Doris Franklyn
Ruth G. Thomas
Neill C. Wilson
Mary Noel Arrowsmith
Verna Mae Tyler
Francis Marion Miller
Helen White
Walter Harvey

PROSE.

Lida P. O'Bannon
Millic Newman
Marion S. Almy
Cantey Venable
Jeanette Eloise Perkins
Nettie Pearson
Helen De Lancy Watkins
Beulah H. Ridgeway
Grace Hollaman
Celia McCormick
Maude Robinson
Dorothy W. Caldwell
Edith Wilson
Marguerite Hope Ford
Norman Darch
Katherine C. Gurney
Julia W. Williamson
Ivy Vian Walshe
Henry Goldman
Louis F. May
Alice Fuller
Alberta Bastedo
Mary C. Scheinman
Louis Saunier
Susie Franks Iden
Irene Hagey
Isabel Robinson
Katherine Cadaver
Mignonne Lincoln
Dorothy Heroy
Edith C. Dann
Florence Gordon
Helene E. Dykeman
Helen Livingston
Dorothy Wadsworth
Margaret E. Barron
Gertie Rosenstein
Eva Levy
Erna Weil
Rosa H. Neale
Clariassa Gladys Caldwell
Fay Ressmeyer
Martha Gruening
Mary Atkinson
Katherine Barr
Ruth M. Peters
Mary B. Lowell
Martha Dunton
Charles H. Brady
Alice W. Baker
Dorothy Turple
Alice Moore
William Newton Coupland
John Hall

B. Bertha Goldman
Gertrude Hodgson
Laurella Hollister
Stella Weinberger
Agnes Dickenson
Katherine Forbes Liddell
Catherine H. Chapin
Richard M. Kendig
Elizabeth McCormick
Gertrude Traubel

DRAWINGS.

William J. Henderson
William Campbell
Augustus Camprubi Aymar
Jack D. Whiting
Gertrude Crosland
C. W. Hibbard
Arthur Bell
Laurence M. Simmonds
Rachel A. Russell
Helen E. Jacoby
Bertha Burrill
Dorothy Fry
Helena L. Camp
Madge Elliott
C. De Ball
Beatrice Whistler Doolittle
Catherine Lee Carter
J. Morton Knapp
Jacob Salzman
Viola Ethel Hyde
Anna Strang
Joseph Fawcsmith
Samuel D. Otis
Mabel Miller Johns
Ruth M. Waldo
Virginia Lyman
Katherine E. Foote
Helen de Veer
William C. Staunton
Carol Bradley
Philip L. Ross
Harry Robinson
Louis Moen
Kate Colquhoun
Russell Westover
Doris Cole
Harry Barndollar
Evel De Ronde
Charlotte Morton
Ethel McFarland
Aimée Vervalen
Rudolph Benson
Edith G. Daggett
Cora A. Hoskinson
Anna Zucker
Mildred Curran Smith
Salome K. Beckwith
Charles Houlton
Edward Mower
Elizabeth Crane Porter

H. Linney
Beth Haward
Louise E. Davidson
Edna Huddleston
Marjorie S. Hood
Katherine Forbes Liddell
Francis W. Losere
Cordner Smith
Ruth E. Crombie
Clarence W. Rodman
J. Deems Taylor
Gertrude E. Allen
Harry Barnes
Mildred Carter
Margaret Jane Russell
Alice A. Thorp
Isadore Douglas
Nellie Littell McCulloch
Eleanor Marvin
Winifred B. Warren
Gertrude E. Comfort
Louise Hazeltine
Alice M. Crane
Cicely Bell
Sarah H. Atherton
Mary Hazeltine Fawcsmith
Sara D. Burge
Marjorie L. P. Allen
Mary Alexander
Arthur D. Fuller
Margaret Herrick
Clement G. Yates
Nancy Barnhart
Margaret Peckham
Alice Earnley
Eva C. Collins
Athole Cammann
Doris Burge
Ruth Davis
Mildred Easty
Harry Middlebrook
Alice F. Einstein
Doris Chittenden
Eleanor Chapin
Charles Henkle
Rowland Lord
Elizabeth Walbridge
Harold Castle
Ralph Coykendall
Gilbert L. Merritt
Isabel Kerr Russell
Hurley Baldy, Jr.
Lydia A. Stetson
Fred H. Lahee
George C. Wakeman

PHOTOGRAPHS.

Alan Seegar
Constance W. Addington
Winfield Cobb, Jr.
Adele Mack
Antoinette Heckscher
Helen Chandler
Grace Morgan Jarvis
Louis F. Doring
Joseph S. Webb



"A HEADING FOR FEBRUARY." BY JOSEPH KRAMER, AGE 15.

Alfred Wotkins
Sidney D. Gamble
Robert T. Hayne
Elizabeth Chapin
Helen Frith
Emma R. Crumpton
Marian H. G. Sherman
C. Agnes Claypool
Elsie Widenman
Maurice T. Fleisher
Maxwell F. Lawton
Edith Iva Worden
Hildegard Allen
Roger F. Gardener
Marcus H. Doll
Hughes Jequier
J. L. King
Gladys Bullough
John E. Woodruff
Marjory Rea
Kent Shaffer
Selma Matson
Lucile Christina Mellen
Reginald French
Edward Bringham
Florence Pfeiffer
H. Bartlett Gerrard
James S. Wroth
Ellen Dunwoody
Laurence Erickson
S. Lehman Brown
Cecily Smith Figott
C. B. Andrews
William Carey Hood
Ruth Chamberlain
Dorothy McAlpin
Barbara Hinkley
Larned V. P. Allen
Kendall Bushnell
Fred A. Dewey
Robert N. Erskine
Charles A. Bragdon
Eric L. Miller
Laura Chanler
Clarence A. Manning
Wendell R. Morgan
Eleanor Hollis Murdock
Camilla R. Simpson
Roland P. Carr
Alfred J. MacDermot
Mary Sprague
Sallie Sprague
Frances Goldy Budd
Henry D. Hammond
Elsie N. Gutman
T. Charlton Herry
Henry G. Young
Mabel Murray
Louise D. Putnam
Frank Bodine
Caroline C. Everett
Nannie Doring
Sheldon S. Yates
Hazel Hyman
Thomas W. Bowers
A. H. Kyd
W. T. Slover
Kathleen F. Grand
Irene F. Wetmore
Frederic C. Smith
Arnold Lahee

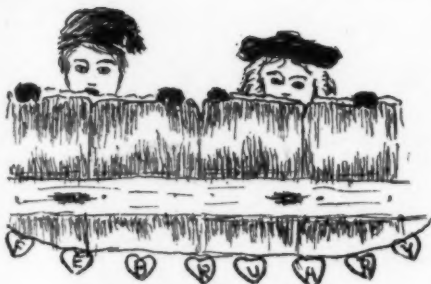
J. Parsons Greenleaf
Frank McFadden
Ariana McE. Belt
Lucy Kent
Allene Gates
Nathalie Lorillard Bailey
Dorette T. John
N. Kellogg Roessler
Lillian Mensaugh
Miles W. Weeks
Alice Sachs
Andrew W. Anthon
Rosamond Sergeant
John S. Perry
Flossie Reith
Ruby F. Allen
Margaret V. Shotwell
C. S. Hickock, Jr.
Elizabeth Morrison
Carolyn E. Putnam
Sarah Fifield Evans
Richard de Charns, Jr.
Lucille Sledge Campbell
William B. Wroth
Sturges D. Cook
Eugene White, Jr.
Randolph Ridgely Fisher
Mabel W. Whiteley
Grace R. Jones
John W. Suter, Jr.
Anna M. McKechnie
Lois R. Frost
Ruth Anthony
Norma Nelthorp
Gertrude Weinacht
Charles S. Smith
Martha D. McKechnie
Philip Jackson Carpenter
Seymour Blair
Alma Osgood
Dorothea S. Paul
Edwin J. Kuh
John B. De Motte, Jr.
Lucy S. Robinson
Helen Lathrop
Isabel Barbour
Frederick S. Brandenburg
Jean Forgue
Margaret P. Wotkins
Gertrude Schirmer

PUZZLES.

Minnie A. Florey
Florence Hoyte
Harford W. H. Powell, Jr.
M. Ethel Lee
Rachel Erwin
Ada H. Case
Helen Boas
Bessie Kirkman
Joseph Wells
James K. Neill
Charline Smith
Jack White
A. Zane Pyles
Lorna Ingalls
Rachel Rhoades
Alma Low
Morgan Davies
Jessie L. Connell



"GOING TO THE FIELDS." BY POMEROY HUBBARD, AGE 6.



"HEADING." BY PHEBE HUNTER, AGE 10.

COMPETITIONS.

THE NEW COMPETITION.

PRIZES FOR THE BEST CHAPTER ENTERTAINMENTS.

To encourage chapter formation and further to promote the aims and purpose of the St. Nicholas League the following prize offers are made to chapters already formed, and to those that may form in time to take part in the competition.

To the chapter that in March or April of the present year shall give the most successful public entertainment, and devote the net proceeds to the best use, fifty dollars' worth of books, to be selected from The Century Co.'s latest published catalogue, which will be sent free on application.

To the chapter ranking second, as above, twenty-five dollars' worth of Chapter publications.

To the chapter ranking third, fifteen dollars' worth.

To the chapter ranking fourth, ten dollars' worth.

RULES FOR THIS COMPETITION.

1. The entertainment may be of any sort, provided that a majority of the features are selected from the St. Nicholas magazine.

2. "The most successful entertainment" shall be understood to mean the entertainment realizing the largest net proceeds after legitimate expenses have been deducted.

3. The "best use" shall be understood to mean that most in accordance with the St. Nicholas League aims and purpose, and it may be educational, charitable, patriotic, or humane, or for the best advancement of the League itself as represented by the chapter giving the entertainment. It is not necessary that the sum realized be all devoted to one purpose. The matter is left entirely in the hands of each chapter, and a full report must be made to the League editor by the chapter president and secretary, and indorsed as correct by those to whom the money has been paid.

4. In all public announcements of the entertainment, and upon the printed programme, the chapter number and the name of the League must appear, as per following example:

Given by the St. Nicholas League,
Chapter No. —,
Of (Town), (State).

If the chapter has a name, the name should also appear.

5. Whenever practicable, it shall be allowable for chapters to obtain free use of hall, accessories, costumes, and any other form of contribution possible, in order to swell their net proceeds—in fact, to make any honest effort to reduce the expenses of giving the entertainment.

6. Where a dramatic entertainment is to be given the St. Nicholas League will, upon application signed by chapter president and secretary, send, postpaid, "The Book of St. Nicholas Plays," from which any play may be selected, said book to remain the property of the League for use in future entertainments, and must be returned care of The Century Co. when the entertainment is over.

7. The report of each entertainment, with a copy of its programme, must be received by the League editor on or before March 31st. The awards will be announced in the League department for June.

REMARKS.

This competition ought to result in a great deal of good for everybody. Whether the entertainment be dramatic,

musical, recitative, a fair, or a combination of all, it cannot fail to result in much wholesome interest and pleasure, while the fund obtained, whether small or large, whether it obtains a prize or not, will be of benefit to whatever good purpose it be applied.

NOTICE TO SECRETARIES.

As a matter of convenience, the secretary of each chapter should be authorized to receive subscriptions from any one desiring to subscribe for St. NICHOLAS, and the publishers have agreed to allow a liberal commission on each new subscription so received, the amount to be placed to the chapter's credit and remitted to the said chapter when it shall aggregate \$5.00. Chapters may accumulate a good fund in this way, and while an entertainment is in progress a number of subscriptions should easily be obtained.

REGULAR PRIZE COMPETITION No. 29.

THE St. Nicholas League awards gold and silver badges each month for the best poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle-answers.

A SPECIAL CASH PRIZE. To any League member who has won a gold badge for any of the above-named achievements, and shall again win first place, a cash prize of five dollars will be awarded, instead of another gold badge.

Competition No. 29 will close February 15 (for foreign members February 20). The awards will be announced and prize contributions published in St. NICHOLAS for May.

VERSE. To contain not more than twenty-four lines, and may be illustrated, if desired, with not more than two pictures by the author. Title to contain the word "May" or "May-time."

PROSE. Story, article, or play of not more than four hundred words. It may be illustrated, if desired, with not more than two drawings by the author. Subject, "One Sunny Day," and must be a true story.

PHOTOGRAPH. Any size, mounted or unmounted, but no blue prints or negatives. Subject, "Our Animal Friend (or Friends)."

DRAWING. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash (not color). Subject, "A Heading for May." May be suitable for any portion of the League department, or for a poem or story.

PUZZLE. Any sort, the answer to contain some word or words relating to the season.

PUZZLE-ANSWER. Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of St. NICHOLAS.

WILD-ANIMAL OR BIRD PHOTOGRAPH. To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of a gun. For the best photograph of a wild animal or bird, taken in its natural home. First Prize, five dollars and League gold badge. Second Prize, three dollars and League gold badge. Third Prize, League gold badge.

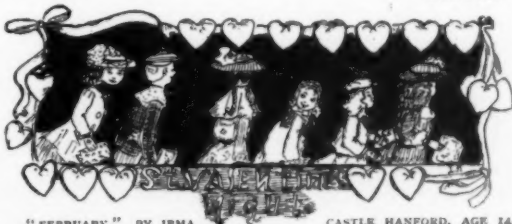
ADVERTISING COMPETITION No. 10.

A REPORT of this competition with a list of prize-winners will be found on advertising page 9.

RULES FOR REGULAR COMPETITIONS.

EVERY contribution of whatever kind must bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, who must be convinced beyond doubt that the contribution is not copied, but wholly the work of the sender. If prose, the number of words should also be added. These things must not be on a separate sheet, but on the contribution itself—if a manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, on the margin or back. Write or draw on one side of the paper only. A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only. Members are not obliged to contribute every month. Address all communications:

THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE,
Union Square,
New York.



"FEBRUARY." BY IRMA

CASTLE HANFORD, AGE 14.

BOOKS AND READING.

REPORT UPON THE "SPELLING-MATCH."



THE delay in reporting upon the contest in correcting the story, "Eh Kernel's Sun," printed in the October number, has been caused by the large number of answers, more than 1170 having been received. Every answer has been carefully examined, and those found to contain errors being excluded one by one, the rest were examined again and again, and finally ranked according to their merit and the ages of the writers.

Two hundred and fifty were marked correct in spelling, and then these were considered with regard to the relative age of the sender, the neatness and general excellence of the versions submitted.

The final result of the examination follows:

PRIZE-WINNERS.

William S. Rusk, 8 years old, Baltimore, Md.
Geddes Smith, 11 years old, Orange, N. J.
Ernest Fowler, 11 years old, Denver, Col.
Robert W. Wilson, 11 years old, Lexington, Mo.
George S. Buck, 10 years old, Taunton, Mass.

SPECIAL HONORABLE MENTION, WITH AWARD OF ADDITIONAL PRIZES.

Satia York, Detroit, Mich., 9.
Katharine McC. Dayton, Glen Ridge, N. J., 10.
Harold Stephens, Chicago, Ill., 10.
Ralph Blackledge, Caney, Kan., 9.
Constance H. Irvine, Minneapolis, Minn., 10.

HONORABLE MENTION.

Lilian Sarah Burt, Ivoryton, Conn., 13.
Florence Ross Elwell, Amherst, Mass., 13.
Annie C. Sykes, Cincinnati, O., 13.
Lester M. Beattie, Norwalk, O., 13.
Donald McGregor, Slocan, B. C., 10.
Caroline Sinkler, Charleston, S. C., 13.
Kate Baker, Columbia City, Ind., 12.
Grace C. Gilman, Fossil, Ore., 12.
Dorothy Buckingham, Washington, D. C., 11.

Received Wilson, April 11
Lexington, Mo.

Five

Original
Annie C. Sykes

A Colonel's Son.

A right sweet little boy, the son of a colonel, with a ruff around his neck, and a plain red coat reaching to his waist, one night paced up the road as fast as a deer.

After a time he came to a house before a house and rung the bell.

His toe hurt him and he needed rest. He was too tired to raise his fair but too pale face, and a moan of pain rose to his two lips.

The maid who heard the bell was about to have a fear, but she

just it try and flew with all her might and main in vain for her guest would not wait. But when she saw the wee one, tears poured from her teeming eyes at the sight, for her heart was touched.

"You poor dear, what ails you? Why do you lie here? Pray, are you dying?"

"No; not so," was his groan. "My foot is sore, and I am faint."

So she tore him in her arms, as she ought, to a room where he might be quiet, gave him a piece of new rye bread and meat

steak in a place by the grate, held a scent-bottle under his nose, took away his collar, wrapped him up warmly, gave him a sweet dram from a blue vial, till at last he went forth through the rain as hale as a young bear.

ONE OF THE PRIZE-WINNING VERSIONS.

SPECIAL ROLL OF HONOR.

Paula Elizabeth Hazard, 14.
 Alice W. Phillips, 14.
 Mary R. Hutchinson, 14.
 Jennie M. Clow, 14.
 Gretchen Green, 14.
 Samuel Stillman Berry, 14.
 Edith Clare Williams, 13.
 Ruth W. Gilmore, 14.
 Grace Reynolds Douglas, 11.
 Robert C. Lower, 14.
 Katherine G. Chapin, 11.
 Alida S. Pear, 14.
 Josephine Johnson, 14.
 Bessie Alter, 12.
 Antoinette Heckscher, 13.
 Edna Wise, 13.

ROLL OF HONOR.

Containing the names of all the rest of those who made
 no mistakes in words or spelling.

Eight years old.

Margaret B. McElroy

Nine years old.

Thomas E. Gay	Gregory Hartwick
Evelyn A. Noble	Dorothy Quimby Applegate
Margaret D. Penniman	Warren S. Ellison
Martha Fifield	John Rice Miner
Edward Merriam Powell	Katherine Copeland
Steele Wotkins	Harold B. Hering

Ten years old.

Horace M. Bringhurst	Flora Lee
Marion Helen Tobin	Marjorie Sparrow
Helen A. Lee	Mary Dana Oughton
James T. Hanna	Eugenia Bradley
Martha Bradley Weeden	Henry Ten Eyck Perry
Clara May Colley	Gladys Groves
Elsie May Paty	Harold Thompson
Thomas Reath	Edward P. Carpenter
Dorothy Swift	Maurice Windus

Eleven years old.

Catherine Potter	Ralph C. McGee
Albert E. Gartside	Helen Schlesinger
Helen Winstone	Ernest G. Fifield
Harry Parsons	Florence G. Brown
Marjorie Peet	Genevieve Apperly
Florence R. Beck	Dorothy Nicoll
Madeleine McKechie	Louise Gregory
Elizabeth Halsey	Wolcomb Rogers
Ruth H. Keigwin	Olive R. T. Griffin
Marjorie Hill	Sara Stowell Graves
Helen H. Crandell	Julia E. Patterson
Lida S. McCague	Marjorie Jane White
Elizabeth H. Webster	J. Lawrence Myers
Joseph Larkin	Marjory Mullen
Helen Turner	Helen Dutton Bogart
Lois J. Andrews	Helen Throssell
Helen Greene	Helen K. Baker
Bessie Clancey	Katherine Taylor

Eleanor M. Henry

Twelve years old.

Everett A. Baldwin	Fanny Taylor
Marguerite M. Cree	Edythe R. Carr
Mildred Spargo	Helen D. Fish

Constance Hoyt
 Louise Tennant
 Marion Gay
 Frances J. Shriver
 Hester Barclay Fogg
 Margaret L. Fishburne
 Ethel Emma Miller
 Madeleine L. Hirsh
 Clinton Brown
 Cora Barr
 Margaret Kutner
 Edith Barstow
 Marguerite Hallowell
 Catherine Gifford
 Louise K. Chase
 Violet M. MacEwen
 Arthur H. Lord
 Mary R. Walley
 Bata M. Bemis
 Frances Haworth
 Raymond Gardner
 Alice McCullough

Emerson Grant Sutcliffe
 Raymond Fuller
 John Burgess
 Mary F. Watkins
 Horatio Perry
 Elizabeth Parker
 Robert Hance
 Ruth C. Sharp
 Eva Fortune
 M. Elaine Swezey
 June Buechele
 Katharine Park Lewis
 Prudence Ellis
 Elsie Fuller
 Mortimer H. Hess
 Margery B. Chipman
 Katharine Hammond
 Roba Forbes
 Donald Sweet
 Theodore Wilkinson
 Arvin B. Shaw, Jr.
 Richard Lewis Remare
 Clara S. Cutler

Thirteen years old.

Eva Fling	Marion Chesley
Grace B. Coolidge	Anna Clara Pike
Aimee B. Drake	Mary C. Hiss
Marion E. Larrabee	Vitas Hunt
Mary Enid Hatley	Charles MacVeagh
Roy J. Clappitt	Dorothy Platt
Robert Hardy	Philip Roberts
Maria Louise Meeker	Anna Lorraine Washburn
Davis V. Applegate	Henry McKinnie
Marjorie Warden	May Adsit
Minnie Sweet	Winfield Cobb
Marion L. Greene	Robert B. Childs
Julia B. Collier	Florence Cochrane Turner
Birdie Bruns	Margaret Williams
Ruth W. Kendrick	Constance Warwick Ste-
Louise Jenkins	phenson
Lura F. Heilman	Isadore Douglas
Marjorie Hammons	Isabel A. Guilbert
Frank S. Surls	Margaret Fithian
Alice Potter	Miriam Riggs Burch

Emil Breitenfeld

Fourteen years old.

Edith H. Ford	Samuel Pierson, Jr.
Rosa M. Waltmann	Clarence B. Arnold
Elizabeth C. Potter	Elizabeth Clark Eaton
Franklin Talmage	Margaret Wilkie Gilholm
Rachel Riddle	Jean Paul Slusser
Marion R. Russell	Minnie Gwyn
Ethel C. Breed	Clara Stutz
Willia Nelson	Winifred F. Dennison
Lesley B. Crawford	Alden W. Baldwin
Eleanor McCormick	Margaret Hamilton
Ruth C. Dewey	R. Hurke Vermilya
Florence Murdock	Leila Elizabeth Heffron
Helen Chapin Moodey	Elsa B. Sommer
Marguerite Beatrice Child	Della H. Varrell
John Mott	Lizzie S. James
Frances M. Thomsen	Lila M. King
Rebecca E. Moody	Grace Harriet Graef
F. Ethel Hart	Henry C. Hallowell, Jr.
Edna Marrett	Edna Schell
Edith H. Smith	Nicholas C. Bleecker
Marjorie F. Wells	Ethel M. Crittenden
Marion Senker	Geoffrey Lemmon
Corina Soldati	Marion Dawley
Catherine A. Carter	Edna B. Hopkins

Anna M. Richards
Pauline S. Merwin
Reynold A. Spaeth
Carl H. P. Thurston

Ruth M. Olmstead
Gaylord Hawley Paine
Ruth Mitchell
Dorothy Kuh
Corinne Gradwohl

A word or two of explanation will show the meaning of these lists. First, the names of *all* the two hundred and fifty boys and girls whose versions were correctly written appear in the lists given. In the Prize-winners, Special Honorable Mention, Honorable Mention, and Special Roll of Honor lists appear the names of those whose versions, *considering* age, were the neatest, least faulty, and most creditable.

These all were judged and marked specially, and then compared. The five ranking highest were made prize-winners, and each receives one year's subscription to ST. NICHOLAS. The five next in rank received Special Honorable Mention, and it was decided by the editor that each of these also should receive a year's subscription to ST. NICHOLAS, in recognition of the excellence of their work.

In considering the result it must not be forgotten that the prizes were awarded in accordance with the conditions stated in the October number, and that *age* and *neatness* were the deciding factors, since two hundred and fifty competitors succeeded in correcting the "queer" spelling. The ages are given in every case. The fact that five *boys* took all the prizes was entirely unexpected, and is a little surprising. The little eight-year-old who took a prize deserves especial credit.

The judges of the contest desire to say a few words about the errors that were made.

The commonest of all was the writing of "passed" to correct "paste," instead of writing "paced." Of course the whole story was meant to contain words rightly spelled, but wrongly used. The correct pronunciation of the words gave the clue to the true substitute. "Paste" has a long *a*, and, every child knows, is not pronounced "passed," or "past."

Secondly, the idea plainly was to write a story that, read aloud, would sound the same as the one printed; consequently, all changes of words were counted as errors. "Rung" is correct, and a good substitute for "wrung"; "rang" is also correct, but is a change of sound, and so was counted an error. "Until" is correct, but so is "till," and to change "till" to "until" was an unnecessary change of sound and therefore counted against those who made it.

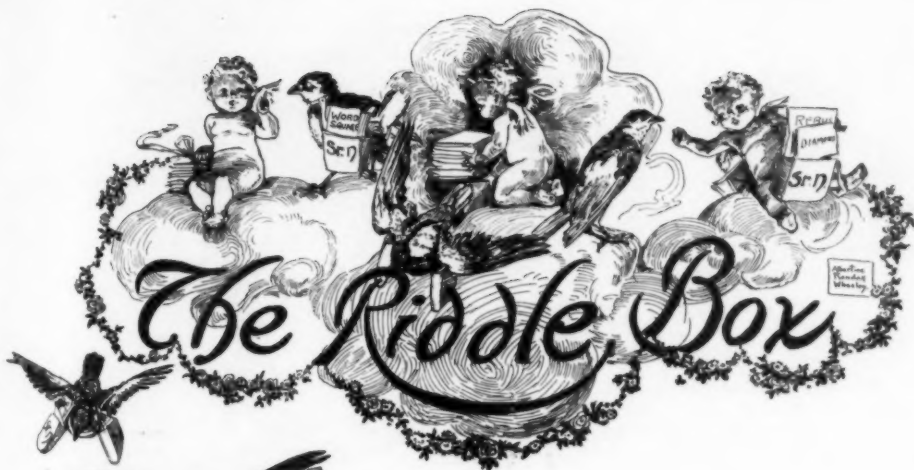
Next to "passed," the commonest fault was to write "drachm" instead of "dram." Undoubtedly one *could* give a boy a sweet *drachm*, but the phrase is not used in that way. It is as if one said, "gave him a sweet *pint*." "Dram" means a drink, and was considered the better choice to suit the meaning, especially with the adjective "sweet." The spellings "phial" and "vial" were both allowed.

Many wrote "as hale as a young *hare*," instead of "bear"; many omitted the "two" before lips; "teaming" bothered a number — "teeming" being an unusual word. "Wrapt" for "wrapped" was allowed, being a good dictionary spelling, and in good usage. Many substituted "ruche" for "ruff" in correcting "rough"; and, in fact, every possible mistake seems to have been made.

Undoubtedly the rules for marking errors were strictly applied; but in a contest where care and accuracy alone were necessary to secure a perfect answer, this was the right course. The number of correct answers, two hundred and fifty, shows that the rules adopted were not too strict. Very many of those who failed made more than a single error, and the judges have spared no pains to make their decision entirely fair and impartial. All disputed or doubtful questions were decided by several different persons.

To those who wrote thanking the editor for the pleasure and benefits derived from the contest, grateful acknowledgment is here made.





ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JANUARY NUMBER.

WORD-SQUARE. 1. Meet. 2. Emma. 3. Emir. 4. Tare.

OVERLAPPING SQUARES. I and II. 2. Abba. 2. Basl. 3. Baba. 4. Alas. III.

1. Baba. 2. Alas. 3. Base. 4. Aser. IV and V. 1. Base. 2. Aser. 3. Seir. 4. Errs.

PROGRESSIVE NUMERICAL ENIGMA. Ada, Adam, a man, ant, adamant.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Primals, reading downward, "A Merry Christmas"; finals, reading upward, "and Happy New Year." Cross-words: 1. Author. 2. Modena. 3. Efface. 4. Rubify. 5. Redraw. 6. Yankee. 7. Canton. 8. Humbly. 9. Recoup. 10. Instep. 11. Seneca. 12. Trough. 13. Morbid. 14. Awaken. 15. Sahara.

CONNECTED SQUARES. I. 1. Owls. 2. Wait. 3. Like. 4.

Stem. II. 1. Oboe. 2. Boil. 3. Oils. 4. Else. III. 1. Mane. 2. Apes. 3. Neap. 4. Espy. IV. 1. Bare. 2. Area. 3. Rest. 4. Eats. V. 1. Yule. 2. Upon. 3. Load. 4. Ends.

PRIMAL ACROSTIC. Linnaeus. 1. Lotus. 2. Ivy. 3. Nasturtium. 4. Narcissus. 5. Aster. 6. Elecampane. 7. Unifoliate. 8. Strawberry.

A DOUBLY BEHEADED ACROSTIC. Festivities. 1. Efface. 2. Fr-eight. 3. Re-serve. 4. An-then. 5. Gr-in. 6. In-vent. 7. Gr-ill. 8. Al-tar. 9. Kn-it. 10. Pl-case. 11. En-sign.

CHARADE. Miss-ell-tow — Mistletoe.

DIAMOND. 1. G. 2. Moa. 3. Goose. 4. Ask. 5. E.

CONCEALED CENTRAL ACROSTIC. January. 1. ma-j-or. 2. ab-a-se. 3. to-n-ic. 4. fo-u-ra. 5. tr-a-in. 6. mo-r-al. 7. ra-y-ed.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS Riddle-box, care of THE CENTURY Co., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER were received, before November 15th, from Ellen I. True — M. McG. — Joe Carlada — Basco Hammond — Katharine Thaxter — Frances Hunter — Helen D. Harris — Arthur H. Weston — Louise E. Jones — Shipley W. Ricker, Jr. — Alil and Adi — Ottilie, Eleanor, and Mabel Mason — Edward Sargent Steinbach — Wilkie Gilholm — Nettie Lawrence — Clare, Esther, Ernest, and Constance — Rosalie L. Hausmann — Theodora Kimball — "Tia" — Georgie and Helen Monroe — Gertrude H. Lemon — Arthur H. Lord — Samuel P. Haldenstein — Eleanor M. Traylor — Dorothy Arno Baldwin — Edgar Whitlock — Joe S. Beem — Agnes Cole — Eva A. Moor — Edythe R. Carr — Ethel Carleton Williams — Olive R. T. Griffin — H. G. G. — Florence M. Williams — Tessie McMechan — Eleanor R. McCles — Edith Lewis Lauer — Reg. Cain-Bartels.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER were received, before November 15th, from Mary Lowell, 7 — Daniel Milton Miller, 10 — Florence and Edna, 9 — Harold K. Schoff, 6 — Ruth and G. B. Jr., 5 — Constance Irvine, 9 — Charlotte E. Cummen, 5 — Welles Baxter, 8 — Grace L. Craven, 3 — Amelia Ferguson, 5 — Alexander P. Gest, Jr., 1 — George Kahn, 4 — Daisy Pitcher, 1 — Delia E. Taintor, 1 — Mary A. M. Bayne, 1 — Henry Carter, 1 — Bessie S. Gallup, 9 — Lowell Walcutt, 9 — John McK. Blaikie, 10 — Gertrude L. Cannon, 8 — Samuel Sachs, 1.

PATCHWORK.

(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

(EXAMPLE: Take a syllable from an old-fashioned feminine name, and a syllable from a garland, and make a lozenge. Answer, Tab-itha, chap-let: tablet.)

1. Take a syllable from a large gun, and one from part of a harness, and make a means of illumination.

2. Take a syllable from to overflow, and one from a great number, and make to expand.

3. Take a syllable from a meal, and one from to cheat, and make to discern.

4. Take a syllable from one who worships idols, and one from to meditate on, and make a paragraph.

5. Take a syllable from the name of a large fish, and

one from something worn round the neck, and make a coin.

The initials of the five new words will spell a name which is a great favorite on Valentine's Day.

EDWARD T. HILLS.

EASY DIAGONAL.

ALL the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the diagonal (beginning at the upper left-hand letter and ending at the lower right-hand letter) will spell a little word that is often seen nowadays.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Part of a ship. 2. A governor. 3. A prank. 4. Once more. 5. Without sight.

JOSEPH WELLS (League Member).



NOVEL ZIGZAG.

(Gold Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

WHEN the following words have been rightly guessed, and written one below another, the zigzag, beginning at the upper left-hand letter and ending at the lower left-hand letter, and then beginning again at the lower right-hand letter and ending at the upper right-hand letter, will spell a famous quotation which relates to the valentine season.

CROSS-WORDS (of equal length): 1. A pacer. 2. Captives. 3. A rich fabric. 4. To invest with raiment. 5. Slow-moving animals. 6. A place in India where Wellington gained a victory. 7. A place on the northern shore of Lake Ontario. 8. One of the pyramids. 9. Attended. 10. An ancient name of Britain. 11. A masculine name.

REGINALD CAIN-BARTELS.

BEHEADINGS.

1. BEHEAD a quick look, and leave a long spear. 2. Behead unusual, and leave a common verb. 3. Behead to come forth, and leave to sink. 4. Behead to correct, and leave to repair. 5. Behead to that place, and leave to this place. 6. Behead perfect, and leave to divide. 7. Behead part of the neck, and leave to mimic. 8. Behead brightness, and leave privation. 9. Behead the backbone, and leave an evergreen-tree. 10. Behead to light up suddenly, and leave to strike with a whip. 11. Behead to fall back into a former state, and leave to pass away. 12. Behead an emblem of peace, and leave to dwell. 13. Behead a pool, and leave before. 14. Behead disdain, and leave a grain. 15. Behead to bring up, and leave to shower. 16. Behead to justify, and leave to point out. 17. Behead high above the ground, and leave a story. 18. Behead foliage, and leave the lower edges of a roof. 19. Behead pertaining to a point of the compass, and leave backward. 20. Behead nothing, and leave something. 21. Behead to rely on, and leave to become oxidized. 22. Behead angry, and leave standard. 23. Behead bigoted, and leave a missile weapon. 24. Behead strong feeling, and leave movement.

The beheaded letters spell certain words which will be found on many valentines.

HELENE BOAS (League Member).

DIAGONAL.

(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

WHEN the following words have been rightly guessed, and written one below another, the diagonal (beginning at the upper left-hand letter and ending at the lower right-hand letter) will spell the name of a saint.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A seaport in British Columbia. 2. A territory in the southern part of Syria. 3. The name

of three beautiful Irish lakes. 4.

The principal seaport of England.

5. A small town that was the scene

of the first bloodshed of the American Revolution.

6. The "Silver Republic." 7. The birth-place of Whittier.

8. A town in Navarro County, Texas. 9. A portion of the Vatican Palace at Rome.

HAROLD HERING.

CONCEALED CENTRAL ACROSTIC.

A child of time, I cannot stay,
But vanish slowly, day by day.

CROSS-WORDS.

1. There was a modest little man
Who proffered books to Mary Ann.
2. "I've written works of note," said he,
"But fame and wealth are naught to me."
3. "For when I hurt a borrowed book
The paths of learning I forsook."
4. "I do not care to be too wise—
To cross my t's and dot my i's."
5. "Yet this poor secret you must keep—
I wish our spelling-books were cheap."
6. "For, first and foremost, I confess,
My spelling 's not a great success."
7. And then upon his heart he placed
His hand, and bowed with tact and taste.
8. "Of course," said Mary Ann; "indeed,
I skip the spelling when I read."

ANNA M. PRATT.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

MY primals and finals are both seen on valentines.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A loud noise. 2. To connect. 3. A dance. 4. Interior. 5. Divided.

BESSIE KIRKMAN (League Member).



SPRING WEATHER.